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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1909.

The Week.

The student of politics sometimes fails to perceive powerful agencies because they lie so near him. He scans the horizon and neglects to look at the thermometer. He seeks far-off clues for seemingly recondite actions, and never remembers that the actors are men of like passions with himself. In legislation, particularly, the powers of simple human endurance cannot be neglected. Ennui, the demands of sleep and hunger, have often drafted whole sections of important measures. Pope, in his social satire of Queen Ann's time, has recorded how towards evening

> The hungry judges soon the sentence sign
> And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

The habit persists—let us hope not in the courts—but in almost every other sphere of political activity. President Taft is said to have remarked good-naturedly that the place of summer heat in our Constitutional system had been strangely overlooked. The remark must have given a momentary cold shiver to the lightning-defying members of Congress who were going to resist to the death the President's suggestions of shading various tariff duties. It takes a grim soldier like Grant to announce that he proposes to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. But, seriously, there is no doubt that no small part of the coercive power of a determined executive lies in his ability to call an extra session which will tax the resisting powers of an intractable legislative body.

An instructive illustration of the same truth is found in the British Parliament at the present moment. Here it is the craving for sleep that gives the Cabinet the whip-hand in pushing the finance bill through the House of Commons. The custom of holding night sessions which extend far into the small hours of the morning, makes opposition a test of nerves. The innumerable amendments which are offered to the Government's proposals are threshed out between yawns and impromptu naps. The closure is regularly applied, and the Conservatives who are so hopelessly outnumbered dread to be caught sleeping away from their posts. Mr. Balfour's philosophic calm must suffer many a wrench as he envies the large brute vote of his opponents, a vote so large that their Whip can show more leniency than his own faithful vote-catcher. The Chancellor of the Exchequer counts upon getting to bed at 2 A. M.—barring accident—while the grim gray dawn of four o'clock marks bed-time for the Tory generalissimo. But even the Liberals have had to give a respite to the presiding officer, and have brought in a special rule enabling the deputy chairman to apply the legislative guillotine—a power which, until now, he has not wielded. This wicked extension of gag-law has left Mr. Balfour almost speechless. It is almost enough to shake his "foundations of belief."

We know, of course, that the direct primary is dead. We know it, because we have been told so. No sensible man favors it; no practised politician will touch it. It is the pariah of politics. Still, this authentic news does not seem to have reached some men who might hear of it with advantage. Here is ex-Gov. Warfield of Maryland, for example. He was supposed to know something about the art political, yet we find him so benighted that he is proposing to induce the Democratic party of Maryland to make the direct primary an issue in the coming State campaign On Saturday next he is to offer resolutions at the Howard County primary in favor of direct nomination of "all candidates for public office," including United States Senators. The foolish man argues that this system would bring about a great reform in party management. But State Senator Gorman, in a fine illustration of heredity, takes issue with the ex-Governor. He declares that direct primaries would "injure" and possibly "disrupt" the Maryland Democrats. It may be, however, that this was exactly what ex-Gov. Warfield meant by reform.

A good illustration of our mechanically hide-bound currency system is seen in the difficulty experienced by banks in securing notes of small denominations to meet the demand incident to the crop movement. The Comptroller of the Currency has just issued a circular letter to explain how small notes may be secured by the banks. In case the banks hold silver certificates, the Treasury will accept them in exchange for certificates of lower denominations. But already the certificates constitute the bulk of the currency in the form of one-dollar, two-dollar, and five-dollar bills. To relieve further the demand for small notes, Comptroller Murray suggests to the banks that they convert their circulation of the higher denominations into five-dollar notes. This can be done by replacing the larger notes when redeemed by an equivalent amount in five-dollar notes. The law provides that not more than one-third of a bank's circulation may be in five-dollar notes, but at present the one-third limit has not been reached by over $90,000,000. In case banks are willing to pay for an engraver's plate costing $75, the conversion of banknotes of the higher denominations into five-dollar bills will be expedited by the Treasury. The limitation in the law probably aims to create a vacuum in the circulation which will be filled by the silver certificates. So long as we have to provide channels for the monetary use of over-valued silver, this may be defensible. But the rigid limitation of the denominations in which bank currency may be issued works against the public interest upon those occasions where trade requirements are for small bills.

The action of Thomas L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, in overruling the strike declared by Francis Feehan of the local union in Pittsburgh, is highly commendable. The strike, which threatened to involve about twenty thousand men, was ordered by Feehan in the rashly belligerent spirit of the inexperienced labor leader. It required nerve on the part of his superior to command the miners to return to their work pending negotiations with the officials of the Pittsburgh Coal Company. An amicable agreement was reached with the operators, which is said to portend industrial peace in the coal regions for months, or possibly years, to come. This fortunate adjustment of a threatening difficulty illus-

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trates the power for good that lies in really sane management by union leaders. The unions themselves may be expected to learn by experience the wisdom of avoiding strikes, except as a last desperate resort. Too often the temporary popularity of a labor leader seems to depend upon his hasty assent to ordering a strike, but such short-sighted men are bound in the long run to be cast aside.

The notion that the anti-liquor movement has suffered a temporary set-back at the South was severely shaken by occurrences reported last Thursday in three Southern States. To a visiting delegation of ministers, Superintendent Bowyer of the Naval Academy at Annapolis said that unless the practice of selling intoxicants to students were stopped, he should recommend removal to another locality. The Annapolis liquor dealers may note that this utterance is not merely that of an influential officer, but that it has the support of the Bureau of Navigation. In the Republican State Convention at Norfolk, Va., the antipathy to the liquor traffic was again very much in evidence. The liquor plank in the platform was rejected, and by a vote of 700 to 310 a substitute declaring for local option was adopted. It is noteworthy that the prohibitionists were in a large majority and that local option was conceded as a method of saving the face of the committee on the platform. The drastic law pending in Alabama is remarkable. By this new law the possession of an internal revenue tax receipt is made *prima facie* evidence of guilt. Any officer may close any place that is accused of selling liquor, and upon the accused rests the burden of disproof. Social clubs are to be compelled to agree not to evade the law, and the penalty for their disobedience is the forfeiture of their charters.

If a comparison were instituted between Dogberry and his Baltimore counterpart, before whom Senator Stone was last week acquitted of assault, it would be decidedly in favor of the original. Not in vain does the prisoner at the bar in Maryland plead for acquittal on the ground of being a fellow-Caucasian. It is true that extenuating circumstances could be urged for slapping a Pullman porter. Senator Stone had explicitly ordered a drink of Scotch and a *large* tumbler of water. The whiskey was brought along with a *small* glass containing *some* water. This, of itself, would go far to justify mayhem. Superimposed upon the outraged dignity of the Senator from Missouri was an unconscionable delay in serving his chops. The Senator "wanted to know," and his chaste interrogatories were shrouded in dashes and asterisks. The blow followed, and the statesman was haled to the bar of Baltimore justice. The "cold neutrality of an impartial judge" intervened. The weary Solon from Missouri needed not to plead his Constitutional immunity from arrest. The presiding justice had also encountered the annoyances and resented the offensiveness of Pullman porters. The defendant was discharged. Now let us hope that wars may cease and arms give place to the toga!

The report that five West Point cadets are to be sent to their homes pending final decision as to whether they are to be expelled, is gratifying. It shows that the Commandant, Col. H. L. Scott, and the officers are abating not a jot in their desire to free West Point from the disgrace of hazing. Their failure to receive proper support from the last commander-in-chief, who deliberately overruled heir recommendations made in compliance with law, might easily have discouraged them. Mr. Roosevelt's action in yielding to political pressure and mitigating the sentences of dismissed cadets may have been a direct cause for this fresh outbreak of brutality—for the gentle sport of hitting a cadet over the head with a tent-pole hardly deserves any other term. What Mr. Taft will do is now the chief object of interest. Last year, we had Col. Scott's word for it that the failure to uphold his hand was subversive of the discipline of the entire institution. President Taft must see, with his judicial training, that permitting cadets to overrule their lawful superiors means the triumph of insubordination. There could hardly be a case more likely to bring out clearly the difference in the cast of mind of Mr. Taft and his predecessor.

Much merriment is made at the expense of Prof. James H. Hyslop, secretary of the Society for Psychical Research, at the way the "spirits" are making free with his domestic concerns. It should appear that the spirit of Dr. Hodgson is averse to the proposed marriage of Professor Hyslop, on the ground that the latter should devote himself exclusively to the work of psychical research. Hitherto, messages alleged to have come from the spirit world have been unutterably trivial in their import. A Berlin professor said, in a lecture, some years ago, that whether there were spirits or not, there was no need of giving them heed until they developed some slight spark of intelligence: "So lange die Geister so furchtbar geistlos sind," was his witty way of putting it. But now the situation is serious. When these attenuated shades begin to interfere with a man's domestic arrangements, it is high time that they should be investigated.

Last Friday's complete triumph of the Wrights puts the crown to what was already a series of unexampled achievements with the aeroplane. It is clear that their machine could have flown from Calais to Dover and back again, with ease. The almost perfect control shown in the cross-country flight from Fort Myer to Alexandria and return, over hills and valleys at varying altitudes, makes the feat as startling as it was record-breaking. We may be sure that the telegraph will have carried every detail to Europe, where the imagination will be as deeply impressed as it is here. In the patient development of their idea, the Wright brothers have displayed qualities which we like to think distinctively American; and their cool poise and modesty in the hour of dazzling success will but add to the admiring recognition which they have won for their country.

To the cry of so many in the Old World against the sale of their art treasures to Americans, Dr. Wilhelm Bode, general director of the Royal Art Museum at Berlin, has added his weighty voice. Hitherto he has stood with the interests of a wide civilization and has opposed any movement to enact legislation prohibiting the exportation of works of art. But now, as our tariff is removed from paintings more than twenty years old, Dr. Bode has been stirred to action, and demands protection. "As soon," he writes in the latest issue of the magazine *Cicerone*, "as the law freeing old art works from duties passes Congress, nearly all these treasures will

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go across the sea." He asks what will be left of the European galleries a few decades hence; congratulates England on retaining Titian's Ariosto, Velasquez's Venus, and Holbein's Duchess of Milan, but takes an especially gloomy view of the situation in Germany. "The Campe collection," he complains, "wandered last winter to America, via Paris, just as in the case of the excellent Guthmann silver collection." There seems to be, aside from natural Chauvinism, only one sound reason why old works of art should not be exported to America, or anywhere else. When they are torn away from their natural environment, when a religious picture is taken from its church aisle, when a frieze is removed from the wall of an old monastery, then indeed there is an absolute injury done to art, from the widest point of view, irrespective of local or national selfishness. And consequently there was much æsthetic wisdom in the action of the Italian government in forbidding the exportation of its old art treasures. For art in Italy is indigenous, and is placed in a background in which it naturally grew. But Dr. Bode's objection has to do mainly with old art objects already torn from their backgrounds and placed in German and English collections. The sacrilege has already been done.

English Liberals have been doing distinctly better in the bye-elections. Of these, there have been four since Lloyd-George's budget was published, all of which have been hotly contested, and all of which the Liberals have won. Their majorities, to be sure, have dropped much below the abnormal figures of 1906, but have been well up to, and in two cases beyond, the previous Liberal record in those constituencies. The two latest successes—at Dumfries, and the High Peak division of Derbyshire—were peculiarly gratifying. The Conservatives had the strongest hopes of winning both fights, as they had put forth unexampled efforts, and had enlisted powerful interests. In each of the two constituencies, they had obtained the open support of the Catholic clergy, and counted upon detaching thereby a good part of the Irish vote. In addition, they got from the Duke of Norfolk, the great Catholic peer, a letter in favor of their Derbyshire candidate, on the ground that he had pledged himself "to support the interests of our Catholic children in our schools." This clear breach of the privileges of the House was resented by Irish members, and the Duke's letter was referred to a committee to recommend suitable action. But the unexpected Liberal majority will probably be regarded as sufficient punishment for the meddling Peer. It will also, we presume, put an end to the talk of the Lords throwing out the finance bill altogether. The budget was the main issue in all these bye-elections, and the demonstration is clear that, despite savage denunciation in the City and by great landlords, it is popular with the voters.

Soon after the meeting of Czar and Kaiser, the German comic paper, *Ulk*, printed a cartoon showing Nicholas on his travels. He was turning to his Foreign Minister and asking for the speech he was to make to President Fallières. But M. Isvolsky was handing him the same one he had just made to the Emperor William, with the remark that all the addresses exchanged between sovereigns were exactly alike. The witticism gains fresh point from Monday's welcome of the Czar in English waters. He and King Edward greeted each other in almost the precise terms each had previously used in interviews with the Kaiser. The significant thing, however, was the display of England's sea power, no less than 150 warships, including 26 battleships, being drawn up in three lines. The King declared that the "most powerful fleet ever assembled" was not to be looked upon as a "symbol of war," but as a "means for upholding the interests of peace." That, of course, is the customary tribute which hypocrisy pays to virtue; the fact being that this multiplication of battleships is the real cause of what Rosebery called the "hush," in expectancy of war, into which all Europe has recently fallen. The *entente* between Great Britain and Russia, added to that which either has with France, may promote peace temporarily by a display of combined fighting resources, but can do so permanently only by working for a general good understanding, arbitration treaties, and limitation of armaments.

The native question in the new South African Commonwealth has developed into a serious problem even before the Commonwealth has become a complete fact. While the draft Constitution was framing, the eligibility of non-Europeans for the franchise was one of the most hotly contested issues. Cape Colony, which has conferred the ballot on the natives, found itself opposed by the other colonies; and in the draft Constitution the franchise was restricted to British subjects of European descent, with certain guarantees for the maintenance of the *status quo* in Cape Colony. The draft Constitution is now before the Imperial Parliament, to which a representative Cape delegation, comprising two former Premiers, Sir J. Gordon Sprigg and W. P. Schreiner, have addressed a strong protest. They argue that even more important than South African union is the need of assuring fair treatment for the natives. Under the terms of the Constitution, it will be possible in time to shut out the Cape natives from the franchise they have enjoyed for two generations, and exercised for their own best interests and those of the colony. This would be to violate a fundamental principle of the British Constitution and to lay up vast trouble for the future.

The problem that confronts South Africa is, in large measure, an unprecedented one. In our own case and in that of Canada and Australia white commonwealths were built up among native populations so sparse that their elimination as political factors was natural. In New Zealand we find already the need for compromise. There the native Maori population stood in sufficiently high ratio to the white invaders to demand and receive recognition. In the new South Africa, the colored people outnumber the whites by about 4 to 1. In other words, there are too many natives to be disregarded, and there are too many whites for a European oligarchy to be built up as in India. Here is a situation which parallels that in our own South, except that in Africa it would be quite impossible for anybody to advocate segregation on the ground that the colored people have been a curse, instead of a blessing, and don't belong where they are. In South Africa, it is the white man who is the intruder, and unless he is willing to accept the cheerful policy of extermination for the native, the white man must make up his mind to grant him rights commensurate with his progress in civilization.

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THE TARIFF OUTCOME.

The tariff bill which passed the House on Saturday, even the President's optimism is unequal to pronouncing satisfactory; and the formidable opposition of Republicans in the House, despite the strongest party pressure, with the continuing hostility of Western Republican Senators, shows how far the measure is from meeting the demands of the people. Its reception by the press is, at best, a damning with faint praise. Many Republican newspapers, particularly in the West, continue to denounce the bill as falling far short of the pledges made by the party and Mr. Taft, and as containing too many of those iniquitous bargains, struck in the dark, which have come to make protection synonymous with fraud. With public opinion so mixed and heated, a calm and fair review of what has been done, and what left undone, is more than ever called for.

It is only just to admit that the President's insistence did wring something from the high-tariff extortionists. Bad as the final bill is in many of its features, it still has to be said of it, as we said of the Payne bill when it passed the House, that it is the best tariff law ever enacted by the Republican party. One Dingley citadel—the duty on hides—was completely blown up; several others are badly shattered. Taking the bill section by section, we find the reductions in duty far more numerous than the increases. This is not saying that the net result will work out in a remission of taxes on the necessaries of life. That can be determined only after actual trial has been made. The estimates and predictions made on either side are inconclusive. Certainly, Chairman Payne's table, attempting to prove that taxes have been lowered on $4,000,000,000 worth of "goods consumed," is worthless. He does not venture to say that the actual cost to the consumer of any one of those articles will be less in consequence of the new tariff. In the metal schedules there has been a sweeping reduction—averaging rather more than 50 per cent. This brings the duties considerably lower than in the Wilson bill. But these iron and steel duties are wholly unnecessary and usually inoperative. Their only effect can be, not to lower present prices, but to prevent a domestic monopoly from pushing prices too high. In other words, the maximum of tariff exaction has been cut down: that is all. What definite benefit the consumer will realize in house and shop, remains problematical.

With all the reductions that are to be thrown into one scale, there are certain failures to reduce, with some actual and indefensible increases, to go into the other; and it is a question if these are not heavy enough to outweigh the reductions. First among these outrages, stand the taxes on clothing. These are wickedly made higher. The Wilson bill sought bravely to do something for the consumer by making wool free and woollen clothing cheaper; but the Dingley law put back the premium on tuberculosis, in the shape of highly taxed wool and woollens, and it is left untouched in the present bill. And the duties on cotton goods are increased. Chairman Payne confesses that the advance is 3 per cent.; but experts in the cotton business have taken the various grades, kind by kind, and duty by duty, and shown that the increases run from 8 to 47 per cent. Now, this right to levy on the common people, precisely like the one conveyed in the silk schedules, was granted in one of those midnight agreements with manufacturers which make the protective system a sink of political corruption. The right persons went to Washington to "see" Aldrich, and came away openly boasting that the thing had been "fixed." It is the old scheme of plunder in full vigor.

About these worst of tariff taxes, President Taft has not said a word directly and publicly. He may not have known the full measure of their iniquity, or he may have found the plunderers too strongly entrenched in the Senate to be dislodged, at present. Nothing can be more certain than that these cotton and woollen and silk duties come under the head of those rates which, as Mr. Taft said to the stand-pat Congressmen on July 16, were "excessive," and therefore could be cut down without injuring any industry. But instead of being lowered, they are raised. There is just one hope. If the President uses the authority given him to appoint an expert and unpurchasable tariff commission, these monstrous schedules may be exposed in their oppressive operation, and shown by such an array of evidence to be burdensome and criminal that Congress, under Presidential urging, may be led to revise them separately. Only so can we now expect even to approximate a tariff that shall be "scientific"; at least in the sense of not being scientific thievery. If the President has really enlisted for the entire war, he will press forward along these lines.

The history of tariff reform in this country has, it must be confessed, been too often that of hopes deferred and hearts made sick. When the compromise tariff bill of 1833 was passed, promising the ultimate abolition of protective duties, the *Evening Post* declared its "deep and sincere gratification" that "the restrictive system had been given over to a sure though lingering dissolution." Little could the editors of that day have imagined that their successors would, seventy years later, still be fighting the same enemy. They did not know so much as Americans have since learned of the persistent and demoralizing power of men bent on securing laws to make them rich at the expense of their fellows. In the long warfare against this form of unscrupulous greed, many eyes have been opened. The latest to be disillusioned is President Taft. Of his honesty and sincerity in working for tariff revision no man can have a doubt, but how easily he promised what he has not been able with arduous labor to perform! He spoke readily to the people about extensive revision of the tariff downwards, but finds those in possession of the plunder too mighty for him. In the presence of the gray realities, after all the rosy predictions, he is in a position to appreciate the force of the words which a shrewd old kinsman addressed to Lord Cromer, when the latter was just back from America in 1864: "Now, that you are a young man, you should write down, not what has happened, but what you think is going to happen. You will be surprised to find how wrong you are."

Yet for Mr. Taft's final position, having put his hand to the plough, he cannot look back. He owes it to the country, and to those tariff-reformers who have loyally held up his hands, to make it clear that, in one way or another, the fight against dishonest tariffs must go on.

CAUSES OF SPAIN'S UPHEAVAL.

When the Prime Minister, Señor Maura, was defending before the Spanish Cortes the military expedition to the Riff coast, he declared passionately: "Cost what it may, Spain will never con-

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sent that, between Muluya and Tangier, a single man shall be allowed to plant his foot who is not either a Spaniard or a Moroccan." The Premier knows now better than he did then what a terrible "cost" the country was facing. The army has suffered a great reverse with serious losses. Worse than that, its leadership and administration have been proved incompetent; while its discipline has crumbled. But the really startling thing is the way in which an unpopular war, with the stripping of the home garrisons, has been taken advantage of for letting loose a spirit of fierce revolt and deliberate anarchy at a hundred points in Spain. No one seems to have suspected its existence, at least in any such force. Discontent in Catalonia has, of course, been as chronic as sullen; and the Terrorists of Barcelona have from time to time committed outrages. But that the whole land should so without warning have burst into flame, comes as a great surprise. The authorities were taken wholly unawares. Among the keenest observers of existing Spanish tendencies, there was no Arthur Young to predict the breaking out of this revolution.

Yet its causes must have been long silently at work, and some of them we can now trace. Spain is notoriously the land of violent contrasts. She has her painters of the joy of sunlight and the sea, but she also has artists that revel in the sombre and repulsive. And, as Havelock Ellis has shown, the tradition of cruel strife and bloodshed was fixed in the Spanish character by the long centuries of hand-to-hand warfare with the Moors. In Spain, the maddest passions may be lurking behind outward gayety and perfect manners. With heterogeneous populations difficult to rule, the kingdom has yet been making apparent progress. After her loss of colonial possessions in 1898, Spain made great efforts to pull herself together, to put her land under more intensive cultivation, to develop her mines, to improve her manufactures and means of transportation. And she could point to many signs of encouragement and success. Her young King was personally popular, and her statesmen and business men were flattering themselves that they had entered upon an era of order and prosperity. But swiftly the crash came. It was as if the foundations had secretly been undermined.

Disintegrating forces have, indeed, been at work. Chief among them is a radical propaganda that has drawn to its service some of the ablest writers and thinkers in Spain. They are not openly revolutionists, much less anarchists. The dynamitards are not of their school. This literary group has devoted itself, rather, to a dissolving analysis of current ideas, especially those ideas upon which Spain has been nourished for many years. The attack has been upon excessive militarism, upon a repressive civil rule, upon a too absolute and intolerant Church. One of the surprises and terrors of the present upheaval has been the fury of assault upon churches and monasteries and convents. This is in part anarchistic delirium, but an anti-clerical movement has long been preparing in Spain. No one who recalled the immense excitement, a few years ago, over Galdós's play, "Electra," which was supposed to be a demonstration against the Church, could doubt that hostility to the extreme pretensions of the ecclesiastical party was certain to play an important part in Spanish politics.

Perhaps as good a way as any to enforce the point is to quote a few passages from a Spanish writer now in great vogue. Vicente Blasco Ibáñez is a novelist who has allied himself to the revolutionary movement—in idea and effect, at least. The book of his which is most distinctly upsetting in tendency, and which has had an enormous sale—enormous for Spain—is "La Catedral." In the guise of a story, the author undertakes to set forth a modern philosophical Spaniard's view of the institutions of his country. The words are put into the mouth of one of the characters of the novel, but they are naturally taken as the writer's own, and have gone resounding over Spain. There is no outright advocacy of revolt, no open appeal to force. Simply, church and state are shown to be animated by obsolete conceptions, and made into instruments of oppression and injustice. We cite:

> In Spain, three centuries of intolerance and of undue priestly domination have made our nation the most callous in matters of religion. The ceremonies of worship are now mere routine. . . . In truth, the church is dead. What we combat is only its corpse.
>
> The monarchy is a dead thing. Between the country and it, the relation is the same as that between a living man and a cadaver. The age-long inertia of Spaniards, their reluctance to change, their fear of the unknown, which they share with all unprogressive nations, are the only reasons why this institution continues among us, where it does not even have, as elsewhere, the justification of military success or the enlargement of the national territory.

His ideas about the army, Ibáñez dramatically throws into the form of a conversation between a Cadet in the Military Academy at Toledo, and the philosophical radical who is the protagonist of the story. The youth is naturally filled with dreams of glory in the career of arms. The other paints for him the harsh reality: to teach raw recruits and do the meanest offices for them; to be a mere policeman, called upon now and then to shoot down a striker. There would be no possible chance of "defending the country heroically against the invader." "Rest assured that the invader would not need more than two pitched battles to destroy our entire army." The talk goes on, with a leaning which helps explain recent events:

> You consume the largest part of our national outlay, yet you live in wretchedness, concealed, to be sure, but still wretchedness. A lieutenant has smaller pay than some artisans. . . . You yourselves suffer, dragging out this life of proletariat of the sword, and the nation complains. . . . Believe me, for a modern army, you are too few and too badly organized; for an internal police force, you are too numerous and too costly.

It would be as easy to multiply these quotations as it is to imagine what the subtle effect of such thoughts must be when spread broadcast through the nation. It was a combination of philosophy and misery which brought on the French Revolution. Spain to-day has not, happily, the abject misery of the peasants of France in 1750-90, but she plainly has the unsettling philosophy which leads to revolutions.

DEBONAIR FALLEN STATESMEN.

A new fashion seems to be coming in for defeated Premiers, dismissed Chancellors, Presidents in exile, and deposed Sultans. They no longer wear the rue. They are expected, rather, to be distinctly jolly, even flippant. For them the great game is lost, and the world looks to them to show that they are "good losers." No lugubrious regrets, after the manner of Wolsey or Strafford; no gloomy predictions of woe, now that they are gone. Smiles and jests are the latest style for fallen statesmen. We see

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Clemenceau exemplifying it, as he walks away jauntily from the official residence, flourishing gayly the cane which is the sole piece of property he finds himself able to carry away. Prince Bülow did not display, after his fall, quite this Gallic lightness of spirit, yet in his long interview with a correspondent of a Hamburg newspaper, he frequently broke into laughter. Even the hatred of the Polish members of the Reichstag, which, as he said, led to his defeat, appeared to him a cause of merriment. It is plain that the fourth German Chancellor will not, from his retirement, pour out such savage reproaches and vitriolic insinuations as did the first one from Friedrichsruh. Prince Bülow surrenders office blithely humming, "A la guerre comme à la guerre." They have to put on a brave front, these fallen statesmen of the present day, and take the frowns of fortune in a jovial spirit.

This is due partly, it seems probable, to the growing habit of regarding politics as a kind of game. The stakes are high, and you play with all the absorption and skill of which you are capable; but if the cards run persistently against you, are you to make the room ring with your curses, or perhaps go out and shoot yourself? Are you to imagine that the game will not go on just because you are out of it? No, the political gamester must have something of the *aplomb* of a Dangerfield. Temporary reverses he must meet with the cry of "patience, and shuffle the cards"; and when his opponents make the *grand coup* against him, he is to take his losses like a good sportsman, and smilingly bow right and left as he quits the table. His triumphs are over—except for the last possible triumph of hearing the observers say: "Anyhow, he is a dead game sport."

And it is precisely this public in the modern world, attending every movement and hanging upon every word of the public men whose glory is departed, that helps to force upon them a gayety which they must assume if they have it not. No moping in dark corners can be thought of, for there are no dark corners any longer. Statesmen out of office are under the glare of the press almost as fully as those in office. The public demands full intelligence. "We know how he bore himself when in power; how does he act out of it? Is he morose and vindictive? Or do the old quips flow from him as easily as before?" No statesman nowadays falleth unto himself. He sits for his photograph in the eyes of the whole world; and vanity, or pluck, does the work of adjuring him to "look pleasant."

Another reason why public men lay down office with a more smiling grace than used to be common, may lie in the fact that they do not over-value themselves. The world will wag on, whether they come or go. A great lesson for every man is said to be to learn that he is not indispensable; and more men in public life are learning it. They may be called upon to say a long farewell to all their greatness, but the nation means to be as great as ever, institutions will remain, and other men will be found to preside over their workings. By training himself not to take himself too seriously when in office, a statesman will find it easier not to take his fall from power too seriously. If he constantly repeats to himself,

> This same flower that smiles to-day,
> To-morrow will be dying,

he will be in a position to make a brave and even smiling death of it, when his turn comes.

Dismissals from office have often been effected with a certain hilarity. When Fox was thrown out of the Cabinet, Lord North's mode of communicating the news to him was delicious. "His Majesty," he wrote, "has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name." One wonders however, if Lord North, who could thus jest at scars when he had never felt a wound, was equally gay of spirit when the time came for his own name to be left out. Men in modern public life certainly show very often that they are not foolish enough to suppose that their retirement will eclipse the gayety of nations, and they do not propose to let it eclipse their own.

STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

In the August *North American* Mr. Theodore Stanton gives a sort of blanket approval to the extra-curriculum interests that engross the attention of our university students. He speaks from full knowledge of the subject, having resided some four months with undergraduates in their house on the Cornell campus. The picture he presents is not unattractive. If idle hands were the devil's only opportunity, the average student should apparently be immune from temptation. It is true that the activities in question do not seem particularly germane to the cloister. But they keep busy their participants in body and mind; their ends, if sometimes a bit trivial, are not blameworthy; and they undoubtedly foster an *esprit de corps* and make mightily for college enthusiasm. It is not athletics alone or principally which are in question. The management and control of college publications, daily, weekly, monthly, and annual, typify the least questionable of these extra-curriculum activities. But dramatic and musical associations, the ever-present management of clubs and fraternities with all the petty politics surrounding their organization and elections, and a thousand and one other societies or associations all come into consideration. It is true, as Mr. Stanton admits, that at the dining-table these "activities were generally more talked about than university studies," or at least were "neck and neck," but despite the "baneful influence of the 'practical' engineering courses," they are said to keep the tone of undergraduate life sufficiently "elevated."

But when one comes to analyze critically this plea for activities that crowd the supposed objects of college study into a corner, it is tolerably certain that it is a case of the good being the enemy of the best. We decline altogether to accept the testimony of an anonymous alumnus whom Mr. Stanton quotes. His graduate of two years' standing "engaged in the wholesale coal business . . . in one of the large New York towns" returns, and asks the admiring seniors and juniors to guess what part of his work at college did him most good? Modern languages? No. English? Far from it. Political economy? Wrong again. No, it was the training he got as manager of the baseball nine. Nothing that this venerable coal dealer has ever yet done "in the actual business world" has so far put such a strain on him or so greatly enlarged his feeling of responsibility as his elective course in baseball management. The untutored mind of the uncloistered world might ask why a boy should go to college at all, if the characteristic college training is so inferior to what every young fellow must experience when he goes into business.

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Why spend four years and the money it costs to obtain the kind of training that is unavoidable the moment one starts to earn his bread and butter? If this is the kind of defence to be offered for college activities, it is time to recommend passivities, in all conscience.

Perhaps the most defensible of these extra-curriculum activities are those connected with college journalism. But this is largely because they are most in touch with the studies that properly make up an indispensable part of college work proper. The daily theme in an English course involves a training not essentially different from reporting some college event, or writing an editorial comment on the news uppermost in the college world. But from this point down the absorbing interests that mortgage the time of the college boy range from the relatively indifferent to the positively harmful. The name scholar implies leisure, not hustle. Schools have always required isolation and segregation. Business ability must develop in a crowd, but scholarship requires quiet. A recent graduate of Brown University is quoted who compares the Oxford student with the American college youth. He believes that our system makes for "robust enthusiasm as opposed to gentlemanly dilettanteism." This verdict displays at once an utter perversion of the proper object of a sound college training. In the opinion of most competent educators, the English university man has acquired a facility in the field of thought which our American graduates lack. If put among books, he is not lost. He has a sense of touch and a sureness of apprehension that only our best students display. Instead of making college life more "practical" in the sense of burdening it with alien tasks, the first step in reform is to relieve it of just such extraneous burdens.

Not even Mr. Stanton contends that all of these "activities" are free from censure. He intimates broadly that the fraternities, in which he admits the "activities" have their mainspring, need reforming. But it is safe to say that they will never be reformed until the proper business of the college is made central in the life of the student body. Revolutionary as it may sound, we are of the belief that the proper activity of the student is study. Not until the extraneous organizations which have fastened their tentacles upon the time and ambitions of the student body can be cut away, and a free course can be offered for the play of mind upon the abundantly engrossing interests of the intellectual world will our undergraduate life be free from the reproaches that now fasten upon it.

PITFALLS OF BIOGRAPHY.

The theory has been advanced that, eventually, the novel will be supplanted by the biographical form. This is unlikely, for one thing that endears fiction to the reading public is not merely the consciousness of the interesting tale and characters, but the sub-consciousness that this *is* fiction—that story and characters are merely figments. The biography, on the other hand, has no such ally. It is stripped of glamour. It is simply a beam of dry light which plays more or less gracefully upon an isolated specimen of humanity. Theoretically, the task of writing biography is simple; in practice it demands, like poetry, absolute perfection. Of poetry, a certain college instructor remarked that "a pretty good poem is like a pretty good egg." The same holds true of biography. Indeed, Carlyle has said that "there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed." Small wonder, then, that he who attempts biography should often attain merely the mediocre.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has recently been lecturing upon "The Pitfalls of Biography." Perhaps his most piquant comment is that modern biographies often present too great a wealth of detail. He avers that the biographer, through haste, is often unwilling or unable to winnow his material. This extrusion of details should, in this critic's estimation, be regulated by a law that nothing is to be used except what vitally illustrates the character or career of the subject. But the screening process may easily lead to distortion more serious than a mere chaos of incidents. For if once the biographer regards himself as anything but an impersonal mouthpiece, pure biography will suffer. If he allows his own personality to intervene like a lens between subject and reader, though a charming or stimulating image may be formed, it will be something other than biography. An author of this sort is likely to fall into the pitfall of writing from a thesis of his own. Such a result is to be observed in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's book on Dickens which, though it makes no definite claim to being a biography at all, is illustrative of the adroit —perhaps unconscious—suppression of facts for the sake of predetermined conclusions. The lesson of a man's life is a task, not for the author, but for the reader.

Of course, the greatest and most insidious temptation to one who writes enthusiastically of another is to place his subject upon a pinnacle. In so doing he thinks himself actuated by the noblest of motives. It is phrased by Fielding:

> As it often happens that the best men are but little known, and consequently cannot extend the usefulness of their examples a great way, the biographer is of great utility, as, by communicating such valuable patterns to the world, he may perhaps do a more extensive service to mankind than the person whose life originally afforded the pattern.

Fortunately, Fielding did not apply this theory to his novels, else we should have been deprived of "Tom Jones" as it now stands. The impersonal attitude of the author of that novel toward his characters is of a type which is the greatest desideratum in biography. The life of any man, however good or great, is a welter of acts which range all the way from nobility to actual misdoing. The true portrait gives both sides. We are reminded of Sir Roger de Coverley's commentary when he showed to his guest a certain portrait in the family gallery:

> The next heir . . . was this soft gentleman whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the position he is drawn in (which, to be sure, was his own choosing): you see, he sits with one hand on a desk, writing, and looking, as it were, another way, like an easy writer or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world.

The good knight, in his desire to cover both good and bad and in his unwillingness to lay down a definite verdict unwittingly touched the right biographi-

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cal note. For, after all, the greatest quality of the true biographer is his self-effacement. He is not the frame which enhances the picture, but merely the easel which holds it up to view that all may see and judge.

Correspondence.

PERSONALITY IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your article of July 22 upon personality strikes at the root of most of our political difficulties. In a great democracy, by the terms of the case, there must be some force which shall induce a majority to work together, and that in spite of a multitude of incessant, disintegrating forces always at work to split it up. No conceivable measure or set of measures will do this. The mass of units, in smaller or larger groups, will always want different things and want them in different ways. Nothing will reach the desired end except individuality so striking as to command the reason of some, the imagination of more, and the senses of all.

Perhaps the most concrete and visible instance in history is that of France from 1789 to 1800, but it is only one of many. But startling as it may seem, it is hardly rash to say that the condition of the national and legislative assemblies up to 1797 was scarcely worse than that of our Congress to-day. Of course, there is no such ignorant and suffering population, but in the framework of government there is not very much to choose. And if we consider that it is repeated in every State and substantially in every city in the country, it is evident that explosive material is not wanting. We have had one warning which might seem to be severe enough. Those who followed the years 1850 to 1860 will remember that the scenes in Congress and the agitation through the country were much the same in kind—though, of course, not in degree—as they are as to the tariff to-day; and that up to the firing upon Fort Sumter neither side had hardly more suspicion of an impending war than they have now. If we consider, again, the growing strife between capital and labor, and the condition of our banking and currency systems as manifested in the last two years, it points to an imperative necessity for some kind of governmental reform.

It is another curious analogy that the French resorted to the same kind of remedy as we are doing. The executive directory and the consulate were merely forms of government by commission. They failed, as this must fail, from the want of personality. In our great crises we have had two men, Washington and Lincoln, to be set off against Napoleon and Bismarck in Europe. The country is visibly ready and eager for another man. How can we insure that he will be of the same kind? Certainly not by the multiplication of battleships or the spectacle of colonial dominion, by leaving an increase of the standing army at the discretion of the President, or enrolling the State militias under the Federal control, to be called out at his discretion. It was his early victories in Italy which gave Napoleon his imperial crown. The destruction of civil liberty almost always finds its beginning in foreign war.

The true defence against abuse of personal executive power is personal executive responsibility. The framers of our Constitution wisely saw and provided for the necessity of the former. They did not see—having little or none of the light which we have—that its control must rest with public opinion, and so they gave that control to the representative body, which experience, then already foreshadowed and since made abundantly clear, shows was certain to be abused by that body. The conflict of the future is not to be as to details either of legislation or administration, but as to the relation of the two branches. President Taft said the other day, in an interview with a committee, that he must view the tariff question from his position as representative of the whole nation and not from that of any Senator or Representative. That is the secret of the whole matter. But it cannot be done in such conferences or even at dinners. It must be done in the open arena of Congress by his secretary of the treasury, speaking on behalf of and under the instruction of the one *personal* chief of the whole nation. If, no matter what may be the result of this session, he will open the next with a demand to that effect, he will have placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder leading to the temple of fame—and peace—and to the third niche, which is awaiting him—or somebody—by the side of his illustrious predecessors.

G. Bradford.

Boston, July 27.

EVOLUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Notwithstanding the centennial celebration for Darwin, there seem to have arisen various defections from his system, of late years. First, the secession of Huxley, who renounced his former strong faith, before his death, as set forth in his "Romanes Lecture," and in "Ethics and Evolution." Now Darwin's own son, Francis, has renounced the main posit of his father's theory, Natural Selection; and there have been various criticisms, showing a trend of doubt and questionings.

It is a curious thing that Darwin's own doubts and misgivings, as expressed at the close of the first editions of his "Origin of Species," have been ignored and concealed. There he sums up his latest readings, with a strain of doubt and uncertainty. He says that sometimes the evidence *against* his theory seems so overwhelming that he is tempted to throw up the whole thing. He then gives some of these objections. He says, first, that the geologic record is wholly against it; also the fact of the sterility of hybrids; also the missing link, and the simultaneous appearance of new species in various remote parts of the world. He notes the unanimous rejection of the idea by all the scientists of the day. He might have added a fact stated by a noted Scotch scientist, viz.: that, although the evolution theory necessitated that each species should reach its highest and most perfect condition at its end, so that a higher species might be evolved from it, exactly the contrary was the fact. Every species distinctly degenerated towards its end; lower, deformed, and imperfect forms increased, and it ended in imperfection instead of rising into a superior species. This noted fact would be enough to disprove it.

Yet it seems to have taken possession of the whole world. One of its latest developments is noteworthy. Bernard Shaw makes a new statement of evolution, which is very significant of its trend. He states the original force behind the universe to be bodiless and impotent, without executive power of its own: after innumerable tentatives, experiments and mistakes, this force has succeeded in changing matter into the amœba, the amœba into something more complex, until finally there has been a man evolved, with hands and a brain to accomplish the work of the will. Man is not the ultimate aim of this Life. It will go still further, and produce something still more complex than man—the super-man; then the Angel, then the Archangel, and last of all, an omnipotent and omniscient God! This is the climax of the evolution theory.

Of course, Bernard Shaw is not a great, or an authoritative, man. But straws show which way the wind blows; and it is a fact that no consistent evolutionist can escape his conclusion. The fundamental principle of evolution is that *every* higher is evolved out of a lower, and this necessitates the belief that God is evolved out of the highest creature, the Creator out of His creation, the First Cause out of the last effect. Now this is not rationalism, but irrationalism—insanity: and yet it is the logical and rational end and conclusion of the evolution theory. It is a complete inversion of the self-evident law of cause and effect; of the axiom that a cause must be higher than, and prior to, its effect. It is a complete inversion of the fundamental principles of philosophy, and can result only in falsehood, instead of truth.

A Subscriber.

Cambridge, Mass., July 27.

THE EARLY COLOGNE PICTURES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reference to the article "Art Experts on the Defensive" (*Nation*, July 8), allow me to state that, being rather familiar with the pictures of the early Cologne school, I can only consider as wanton extravagance the suspicion thrown upon them by Dr. Poppelreuter and his followers. The style and technique of these paintings, in Cologne, Darmstadt, Nuremberg, and elsewhere, are closely connected (1) with those of French paintings of the fourteenth century, dating from the reigns of Charles V and Charles VI, an admirable example of which has been recently purchased for the Louvre; (2) with the style of the Parisian miniatures of *ca.* 1400, so well known, thanks to the Belles Heures of Chantilly. Now, in the early part of the nineteenth century, when it is asserted that the forger or forgers exercised their craft, nobody knew or cared about early French pictures or early French miniatures. Moreover, as Dr. Bode has remarked, the museum at Cologne possesses only too many samples of the odious German romantic painting from about 1830; not one of those pictures offers the slightest analogy to the so-called forgeries.

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The whole case rests on a πρῶτον ψεῦδος, viz., the assumption that the repainting of the fourteenth century Clarenaltar, in Cologne is the work of a nineteenth century restorer, whereas it is evident that the painting in question was repainted about 1425, precisely by a painter of the school to which belongs the charming Virgin with the Flower, now held up to be a forgery. I have seen that picture repeatedly and found it wonderfully preserved; Dr. Bode has just been to see it and declares that he discovered no repainting in it (*Der Cicerone*, Leipzig, 1909, p. 437).

SALOMON REINACH.

Paris, July 17.

A BOTANICAL MARVEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An interesting natural history entirely made up of misstatements and conscienceless exaggerations might easily be compiled from the writings of the great romancers, from Herodotus down to Tartarin of Tarascon. Such a book should be arranged according to countries and epochs.

In such a work, one chapter would very naturally deal with America; one section of that chapter with America in the eighteenth century. Chateaubriand has the place of honor there—with all those descriptions of North America, in which he has mixed pell-mell tropical and Arctic specimens. The Mississippi River was, at the time of his travels, a most surprising estuary. To look at it to-day, who would guess that it once reeked with "islands of floating pistia and water roses," on which embarked as passengers "green serpents, blue herons, red flamingoes, and young crocodiles"? At the Indian feasts where Chateaubriand smoked the pipe of peace, tobacco's poetic substitute was "the fragrant leaves of the mountain laurel." What though the mountain laurel is odorless and poisonous—what though flamingoes blush not where Chateaubriand placed them, or where Campbell strewed them with a generous hand, in "Gertrude of Wyoming"? It would be tiresome if our writers all knew as much of natural history as they do of rhetoric. We think none the less of Thackeray because George Warrington, in "The Virginians," describes maple sugar-making *in the fall of the year*.

Chateaubriand and Campbell and Thackeray were none of them avowed scientists, like the Philadelphia Friend, John Bartram. In his youth, the Quaker botanist wrote to his brother a letter that has, I think, never been reproduced. I find it in the Dreer Collection at the Pennsylvania Historical Society, in Philadelphia. The letter is undated; it is addressed to the writer's brother William, who was then "keeping store" in the South; the botanist wrote, presumably, from his farm near Philadelphia:

Dear Billy
I was lately told by a man that rides express, that he saw in NoCarolina not far from Cape Fear, a strange plant about as big as a daisy & much like it in flower. I think he called it ye wonderfull flower whose properties was such that if they looked earnestly at it ye petals of ye flower would close up he said ye moors, near Brunswick knowed it well: if it lieth in thy way to speak with Morris More ask him about it if it be true it will be a fine curiosity & furnish matter for Phylosofical contemplation. . . .

It is my opinion that this letter of John Bartram's deserves a place beside the anecdote of the cow and the bear, attributed by the Swedish traveller, Peter Kalm, to the same excellent scientist.

W. B. BLAKE.

West Chester, Pa., July 28.

UNCUT LEAVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR. I should like to take the hand of your correspondent "S." in the *Nation* of July 22. So often have I had the same feeling of indignation, uttered in almost the same language, in view of the "filthiness" of home-cut books and the "exasperation" at having to "fumble" through such leaves. The time wasted in the cutting is bad enough, but is nothing to the precious moments spent in attempts, repeatedly foiled, to separate the fuzzy, ragged edges, not to speak of the dust which will gather in these nesting places.

I have heard that the leaves are left uncut in the interest of rich buyers, who wish to rebind their copies; but the practice is not confined to books in paper or board covers, but is extended to works in what to most of us seems meant to be, at all events must be, permanent binding. But in any case why should the time, convenience, and pleasure of the army of "poor but respectable" readers—noble army of martyrs!—be sacrificed to the whims and notions of the wealthy few?

I have sometimes felt like registering a solemn vow never to buy another book with leaves uncut or—almost equally important—not trimmed flat and smooth.

H. D. CATLIN.

Northumberland, Pa., July 22.

ON TEACHING MORALS IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That the moral condition of our colleges is better than it has been for a hundred years; that the evils of which just complaint may be made are partly infiltrations which no modern college can entirely prevent, and partly incidents of the enlarged and specialized curriculum which makes the teaching of a subject, rather than the care of students, the duty of the professors; that most college evils can be materially reduced by the simple expedient of raising scholastic standards, and that, for the rest, some scheme must be found for looking after the personality of the student as well as subjects of study—these are the main points in a recent lecture of mine to which you have made editorial reference. Perhaps your readers will be interested to have this correct statement.

GEORGE A. COE.

Evanston, Ill., July 24.

[Our comment, in the *Nation* of July 15 was based on this quotation from Professor Coe's lecture as printed in the New York *Tribune* of July 13:

The college is teaching subjects and not educating men. Each professor is answerable for sound teaching of some subject; but nobody holds himself responsible for the moral and religious training of the students. Nobody's rank, salary, or promotion depends on the moral output of the college or the university.

—ED. THE NATION.]

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation*, July 22, Dr. Rolfe raises the question of possible schools for English girls in Shakespeare's time. He should take into consideration the nunneries abroad. A charming sketch of the feelings aroused in a Portuguese community by the arrival of a fair English exile on her way to the convent in Lisbon will be found in Francisco Rodrigues Lobo's "Corte na Aldea," Lisboa, 1619. The author says distinctly (Obras de Francisco Rodrigues Lobo, t. I. p. 113):

A famoza cidade Lisboa, onde muitas Religiozas do illustre sangue de Bretanha vivem santamente em clauzura. (The famous city of Lisbon, where many nuns of illustrious blood of England live holily in seclusion.)

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., July 23.

THE PROSECUTION OF ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the recent discussion of the legal prosecution and execution of animals in the *Nation*, it seems to me strange that not one of your correspondents mentions "The Criminal Prosecution and Capital Punishment of Animals," by E. P. Evans, published in 1906, by Heinemann, in London, and imported by E. P. Dutton in New York. So far as I know, this is the most, if not the only complete work on the subject in the English language. It gives full accounts of these trials, criticises the conceptions of criminality underlying them, and contains in the appendix extracts from the records of such prosecutions preserved in different archives, and a list of 180 criminal processes of this kind during a period of nearly eight centuries.

G.

Munich, Germany, July 10.

QUI MORIUNTUR IN DOMINO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of July 22 (p. 74, col. 3), a reviewer records that the authors of "Piccadilly to Pall Mall" attribute to George IV the old jest, *Beati sunt illi qui moriuntur in Domino*. It is cruel to rob Sherry's "fat friend" of even a trifle like this, but the pun is commonly told of Rabelais on his death bed; and no doubt the Goliardi laughed over it long before his time.

W. R. T.

Magnolia, Mass., July 27.

Notes.

In the autumn we shall have from Houghton Mifflin Company the first two volumes of "Emerson's Journals," edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. These volumes cover the years from 1820 to 1829, and give the record of his first marriage, his doubts as a pastor, and his first sojourn at Concord. Besides much musing on his own inner state, the diary mentions such notable persons as Dr. Channing, Everett, Webster, Carlyle, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, and Hawthorne.

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Among the other books announced by Houghton Mifflin Company for autumn publication are: "Susanna and Sue," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Farming It," by Henry A. Shute; "Warriors of Old Japan," by Yei Ozaki; "The Oath of Allegiance," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "New Charades," by William Bellamy; "Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley"; "The Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," by Walter Sichel; "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth, Told in Contemporary Letters," by Frank A. Mumby; "Fifty Years in Constantinople," by George Washburn; "The Life of James Dwight Whitney," by Edwin T. Brewster; "Diplomatic Memoirs," by John W. Foster; "Recollections of Washington Gladden"; "Wanderings in the Roman Campagna," by Rodolfo Lanciani; "Travels in Spain," by Philip S. Marden; "Greek Lands and Letters," by Francis G. and Anne C. E. Allinson; "A Brief Pilgrimage in the Holy Land," by Caroline Hazard; "The German Element in the United States," by Albert Bernhardt Faust; "The American People," by A. Maurice Low; "The Expansion of New England," by Lois K. Mathews; "The Last Days of Papal Rome, 1850-1870," by R. De Cesare; "Speeches and Addresses, 1884-1909," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "Carlyle's Laugh," by T. W. Higginson; "Lincoln the Leader," by R. W. Gilder; "The Autobiography," by Anna Robeson Burr; "Why American Marriages Fail," by Anna A. Rogers; "American Education," by Andrew S. Draper; "How to Study, and Teaching How to Study," by Frank M. McMurry; "Social Development and Education," by M. V. O'Shea; "The Classical Moralists," edited by Benjamin Rand; "Labor and the Railroads," by J. O. Fagan; "The City of the Dinner Pail," by Jonathan Thayer Lincoln; "Religion and Miracle," by George A. Gordon; "The Right to Believe," by Eleanor Harris Rowland.

We welcome a new edition, with revised bibliographies and some minor corrections, of R. M. Johnston's short biography of "Napoleon." We had occasion to comment favorably October 27, 1904, on the first edition.

Doubleday, Page & Co. issue another volume of their Pocket Kipling, containing "The Naulahka." We have several times before spoken of the exceptionally clear type and beautiful page of this edition. It is to our taste one of the most attractive sets on the market.

From Henry Frowde comes a new edition of the "Authors' and Printers' Dictionary," compiled by F. Howard Collins. Whether or not he will agree with all the details of Mr. Collins's system, any printer or writer will find much benefit from this little book. It gives in dictionary form answers to all the difficult questions of capitalizing, syllabification, abbreviation, italics, and the like.

The two volumes of "The Great English Letter Writers," edited by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson, originally published by the Revell Company, have now been reissued by Harper's, who will continue the series, called the Reader's Library, to which this work belongs.

We have received from the Cuala Press of Churchtown, Ireland, a beautifully printed volume of "Poems and Translations," by John M. Synge, the brilliant Irish dramatist, whose death we noted the other day; and from Mr. John Quinn of New York the same book reprinted in similar form. Mr. W. B. Yeats furnishes a brief and fitting appreciation of the man's work. The translations, short bits in prose from Villon and Petrarch's sonnets, are in the peculiar dialect so much affected by the Irish writers of the present day. Of the singing quality of the original verse we can best give a notion by quoting these two stanzas of the "Prelude":

Still south I went and west and south again,
Through Wicklow from the morning till the night,
And far from cities and the sites of men,
Lived with the sunshine and the moon's delight.

I knew the stars, the flowers, and the birds,
The gray and wintry sides of many glens,
And did but half remember human words,
In converse with the mountains, moors, and fens.

Dr. M. A. Stein's account of his exploration in Central Asia, in the *Geographical Journal* for July, contains many interesting proofs of the remarkable literary activity of the ancient inhabitants of what is now an almost trackless desert. In the ruins of a Chinese fort, probably built in the first century B. C., were found over 2,000 inscribed pieces of wood and bamboo, referring "mainly to matters of military administration, often giving details as to the strength, movements, etc., of the troops échelonned along the border; their commissariat, equipment, and the like. There are brief official reports and, more curious still, private letters addressed to officers full of quaint actualities, family news from their distant homes, etc." In some other ruins, in another region, there were discovered over thirty documents with elaborate string fastenings unopened and sealed down on the envelope with Greek seals representing Hercules with club and lion-skin, Eros, and other deities, "deeds probably referring to lands and other real property buried since long centuries under the silent dunes." Of great interest to American readers is the report of the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society at which the Victoria research medal was awarded to Prof. Alexander Agassiz for his services in the cause of oceanographical research, one, to quote the words of the president, "to whom this award is undoubtedly due, or perhaps I should say overdue." These last words refer to the fact that Professor Agassiz has been engaged in this work since 1874, the results of his expeditions being contained in eighty-three volumes of the Memoirs and Bulletins of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy.

The recent celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain was the natural occasion of numerous guide-books to the history of that region. More ambitious and of real scholarly value is the little "History of Lake Champlain," by Walter Hill Crockett, which, coming from the historian of the Vermont commission in charge of the celebration, claims at once some special authority. How much of our history found its theatre on Lake Champlain most of us had forgotten until a few weeks ago, when the commemorative pilgrimages and pageants on the very spot freshened our memories. For those who did not see the celebration this book will bring a surprise, in the fulness of incident it chronicles. The picturesque discovery by the French explorer, the first attempts of the French missionaries to settle the country, seem remote, but the conflicts of Howe and Montcalm are well within the borders of our history, and Ethan Allen's raid and Arnold's naval operations against the British are among the most stirring Revolutionary campaigns. The war record of the lake closes with Macdonough's victory at Plattsburgh, in 1814, but its shores have gathered tradition since, as Mr. Crockett's book shows. For a reproduction of the romantic atmosphere of the lake one must still go to the pages of Parkman and Cooper; this book is occupied with matters of fact. But a complete record of these particular matters of fact could hardly be better done. (Burlington, Vt.: Hobart J. Shanley & Co.).

Ireland does nothing by half, and at those rare intervals when she creates an adventuress she puts gusto into the work. Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert eloped at nineteen to escape a mercenary marriage. By twenty-four she had quitted a husband and become the Spanish dancer Lola Montez. In the eighteen years of life left her she passed from end to end of Europe at the public expense, accumulating adorations *en route;* fairly naturalized herself in the Paris of the greater Dumas and Émile Girardin; episodically sojourned with the Abbé Liszt; became the Egeria (blamelessly, it appears) of Louis I of Bavaria; lingered in a California camp, and flashed through the mining fields of Australia, horsewhipping her traducers as occasion arose; became an author, and a devout Methodist at New York; a dull and decorous lecturer in London; made an edifying end, and was buried under her maiden name in Greenwood Cemetery. In this cosmopolitan and most erratic orbit she retained certain qualities of the "ould sod." It seems, too, as if she never forgot that her father and also her first conqueror were soldiers. She feared neither man nor mob, she bore no grudges, but promptly punished not infrequent affronts with her own hand. When her inexpert lover of the *Presse,* Du Jarier, was hectored into a fatal duel, she mourned that she could not have met the challenger herself. As a dancer her skill was mediocre, but she prevailed through her magnificent animal beauty, and perhaps even more through a pronounced gift for self-advertisement. Everything she wrote herself—and most that has been written about her—suggests vulgarity. Yet her friendship was valued by men of mark, and as next friend and adviser of the King of Bavaria she showed something like statesmanship.

For romantic biography one could hardly wish a better subject, and it is strange that E. B. D'Auvergne's "Lola Montez, an Adventuress of the Forties" (John Lane Co.) does not make a stronger impression. The subject has been studied painstakingly—a very necessary precaution, for Lola habitually drew the long bow; moreover, Mr. D'Auvergne commands an enthusiasm unchilled by discretion. It is probably his rather forced flippancy, and the tiresome reiteration with which he employs Lola as a flail for Philistia that obscure the better qualities of his book. As it is we find his rather jejune Gautierisms almost insurmountable. Perhaps the chief difficulty has been that little autobiography which Lola produced either herself or with the aid of her liter-

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ary adviser, the Rev. C. Chauncey Burr. From the unctuous commonness of the production we incline to believe that the Rev. Burr was not consulted. In any case it is a dull and fatuous performance, and barely literate in expression. Though it by no means makes for unrighteousness, one must seek it among the pamphlets that are sold covertly to prurient lads. Now, whoever writes about Lola Montez must cut loose from her own text. Wherever it is quoted by Mr. D'Auvergne it is as lead on the page. Finally, no one can write acceptably the life or legend of this masterful Irishwoman unless he is able to take Mrs. Grundy as dispassionately as did Lola herself.

The seventh volume of the "Works of James Buchanan" (Lippincott) covers less than two years of his service as Secretary of State, and contains much of little interest or importance—formal notes and dispatches upon departmental routine. The good material is thus in a measure buried, and can be found only after considerable futile reading. It was a time of closing some important matters. The Oregon and boundary disputes reached a happy end, and a territorial government for Oregon remained to be framed. The independence of the Hawaiian Islands was recognized and China opened her doors to a commissioner. The American arms had won enough in Mexico to make a peace possible, but the manner of making advances hurt the pride of Mexico and delayed the ending of the war. Buchanan believed that peace could be secured only by completely destroying the "corrupt army of Mexico." His first propositions were rejected, and the extraordinary mission of Trist, "a mere precautionary mission," terminated most unexpectedly in a peace which could be laid before Congress as acceptable. Spain was disciplined for permitting Mexican privateers to leave her ports, and Brazil invited a sharp lecture by her treatment of a street brawl in which some Americans were involved. In fact, our relations with South America were far from satisfactory, due in part to the indiscretions of our representatives and in part to local unrest. The slave trade still called for notice, and claims and discriminating duties constituted a good share of the correspondence in many directions. In constructive reports, that on the consular system of 1846 is suggestive. So far as domestic politics were concerned, Buchanan disapproved the tariff of 1846, thought higher duties on coal and iron were needed to unite the party in Pennsylvania, and disclaimed being a candidate for the Presidency. Altogether, apart from the peace with Mexico, the two years were waiting years.

The ten chapters comprising J. W. Jenks's "Principles of Politics from the Viewpoint of the American Citizen" (Columbia University Press) were originally delivered as lectures upon the Blumenthal Foundation at Columbia University. Their avowed object is to "bring into closer touch than is usual the work of the scholar and of the practical man of affairs." With this end in view, they canvass the nature of the state, political motives, the suffrage, political parties, the three departments of government, and foreign relations. Where the author definitely attempts the solution of a concrete problem, such as the extension of the suffrage, his conclusions are almost always sane and well-balanced. But when this is said, the admirable features of the book have all been named. It is loosely organized. The analysis of fundamental conceptions is hurried and in places superficial. The construction of the text is often hasty, not to say slovenly; and the whole book is impregnated with an atmosphere invincibly commonplace. To illustrate. There is no natural nexus of parts. In the chapter on Representation, the theme of the Gerrymander is shot at the reader without warning or any hint of logical sequence. Illustrative of the constant avoidance of thorough analysis are the casual treatment of natural rights (pp. 40 seq.), the abridged references to the division line between public and private functions (p. 127), and the fragmentary analysis of the separation of governmental powers (p. 127). What shall be said of an author who is content to print an allusion as follows: "Emerson in one of his essays says something to this effect—that the most precious thing in the world is an independent, thinking soul, etc." (p. 51)? The book was written in haste, and the reader suffers who peruses it at leisure.

Under the vaguely attractive title of "Gentlemen Errant" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Mrs. Henry Cust has brought together four accounts of late mediæval adventurers not likely to be otherwise easily accessible to the general reader. The persons here described are the Bohemian Lev, Lord of Rosmital and Blatna, Wilwolt of Schaumburg, Frederick II, Elector Palatine, and Hans von Schweinichen in Silesia. Each of these accounts rests upon a contemporary narrative, the last upon memoirs of the hero himself. Mrs. Cust's method is to give a short introduction describing the material employed, and then to follow the original narrative as closely as may be, selecting choice bits here and here, and holding the whole together by a slender thread of pleasant comment. At the close of the volume are nearly fifty pages of illustrative notes, showing wide reading and fine comprehension of the records illustrated. There is thus much of unity in the volume, that each of the persons commemorated was a wanderer, whose adventures brought him into relations with a great variety of men and places. This gives variety and charm to a story that might easily become monotonous. Mrs. Cust has succeeded in avoiding the snares of repetition and tediousness that beset the editor of such matter. She maintains a certain liveliness of description and has shown excellent judgment in bringing out what is best worth having. One's first instinct is to wish that these recitals could have been given entire; but, after all, good editing is here very much in place, and we are inclined to be grateful for having our attention called to a type of historical material only too often neglected in our zeal for politics, war, and diplomacy. In these personal accounts we are brought into intimate touch with the feelings and motives of people of all classes and conditions. It is history in undress. These people are, as it were, taken off their guard, and prattle away about all the small details of courts and castles, the open road, the taverns, intrigue, and love-making, with an unrestrained freedom that is quite delightful. Several interesting maps taken from the European History of Æneas Sylvius serve to make the itineraries of the errant gentlemen intelligible, and there are three good contemporary portraits of the Elector Palatine. The book is to be commended to students and teachers of the Renaissance and Reformation as a valuable aid in making the ordinary histories live in the consciousness of our seemingly more prosaic days.

The latest addition to the series known as the Diplomatarium Islandicum (VIII. 3. p. 465-838) contains the Icelandic documents from the thirty-first of August, 1513, to the thirty-first of October, 1521.

Among the posthumous papers of Jonas Lie there was recently discovered the completed manuscript of a collection of fables, closely allied in character to the two volumes entitled "Goblins." The work is to be published this present summer by Gyldendal of Copenhagen.

A hitherto unknown bust of Schiller was recently found in Weimar by the custodian of the Schiller Museum, Dr. E. Scheidemantel. It is the work of a contemporary of Schiller, the sculptor Karl Gottlob Weisser of Weimar, and is an excellent piece of work.

Prof. Adolf Hemme's book, "Was muss der Gebildete vom Griechischen wissen?" has been entirely rewritten, and is published by Eduard Avenarius of Leipzig. It discusses at length the relation of Greek to modern education.

A handy and much needed modern Greek dictionary has been issued by Dr. Karl Dieterich of the University of Leipzig, in his "Taschenwörterbuch der neugriechischen Umgangs- und Schriftsprache." The second part, Deutsch-Griechisch, has just appeared, and, notwithstanding the fact that it is modestly called a "pocket dictionary," is a solid work of more than eight hundred pages, and meets the needs of both the specialist and the student of modern Greek merely for practical use. The method is that of Toussaint-Langenscheidt, and the book is published by the Langenscheidt Publication House in Berlin-Schöneberg at the remarkably low price of 3.50 marks.

The "Deutscher Literaturatlas," by Dr. G. Koennecke, is a handy compendium of the author's great three-volume standard work entitled "Bilderatlas zur Geschichte der Deutschen Nationalliteratur," which has already appeared in a third and much enlarged edition, containing no fewer than twenty-two hundred illustrations. The condensation now offered is well done, being confined in its 165 pages folio to those essentials which the average student of German literature needs and will peruse with benefit. It covers the whole ground from the Gothic and the old High German down to such modern writers as H. Hesse, O. Ernst, G. Frenssen, etc., including also the story of manuscripts, Incunabula, book illustrations, pseudonyms, etc. It contains 826 illustrations, portraits of such prominent literary characters as Goethe, Schiller, and others being given in considerable number. The literary and biographical matter is critical and impartial.

The veteran historian of Bonn, Oskar Jäger, having completed his comprehensive "Deutsche Geschichte," has issued the first of the two volumes proposed, a book of 668 pages, with 114 illustrations and 7 maps

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(Munich: Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung). It deals with events prior to the Peace of Westphalia; and its varied engravings, the personal selection of the publisher, show the value, for research work alone, of such historical museums as that at Nuremberg. Jäger recalls the observation of Ranke, that to write history one should have lived long and experienced much, and rejoices in his own personal recollections, not only of the stormy days of 1848, but of participation during war and peace in the remarkable transitions of modern Germany. A pleasant, familiar tone pervades this new work of Jäger, and it is likely to find as much favor as his noted "Weltgeschichte."

"La Perduta Gente," the title of a new book by Richard Voss (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), though suggestive enough, hardly intimates that the little volume contains a valuable study of the Roman Campagna and its people. Reading the autobiographical sketch of the author, which serves as a fitting introduction to these reminiscences, one cannot help feeling that it is a long way from the selfish pessimism of his "Scherben gesammelt von einem müden Manne" to these intimate and sympathetic studies of the common people, fighting hunger and malaria in the marshes of the classical soil and hopelessly entangled in the meshes of mediæval superstition. The fatalism with which these people accept the fact that they must either starve in their native province or be consumed with the fever while working for their living in the poison-laden atmosphere of the swamps, gives a dismal note to the sketch from which the title is derived. It deals indeed with a doomed people. A remarkable study of homicidal types is symbolically entitled "Der rote Streifen." For the scarlet stripe, which the author perceived in the dusk of a summer evening moving along the road between Albano and Rome, was a procession of convicts clad in red from head to foot, who, with clanging chains, do the labor of draining marshes and building roads. Vividly rises the portrait of the "witch" from the pages devoted to a record of the lamentable ignorance of the people and the cruel indifference of the clergy to be observed at Subiaco. The tourist who loves Italy too well to be content with knowing only one side of its life, will find in this book close and direct information tempered with human sympathy.

"Facts are good, of course—give us plenty of facts; principles are good—give us plenty of principles"—this thought from William James is the motto of Dr. Fritz Ohmann's new work on the rise of the postal service in Germany: "Die Anfänge des Postwesens und die Taxis" (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot). It contains a review of the modern German post office, and an effort to trace its origin in France and the Southern countries. A voluminous amount of data dealing with German postal affairs from 1489 to the beginning of the sixteenth century is presented. It is interesting to note that the main influence came from Italy, and that England, later so progressive in postal affairs, seems to have affected Germany but little until near the days of the Postal Union.

From London comes the report of the death of James Edmund Vincent, journalist and author, at the age of fifty-one. His publications include the following: "A History of Football" (with M. Shearman), "Tenancy in Wales," "Discontent of Working Classes," "Memoir of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale," "Welsh Land Question," "A Memoir of John Nixon, Esq.," "Highways and Byways in Berkshire," and "Through East Anglia in a Motor Car."

MRS. VAN RENSSELAER'S NEW YORK.

History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co. $5.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's volumes carry the story of early New York only to the accession of William and Mary, in 1689, but the character of the period is such that they may properly be considered as a unit in themselves. There has long been need of such a work as is here attempted—one which should not only embody the results of the most recent investigations in the earlier period of American history, and make use of the large amount of documentary material relating to the province which has been brought to light during the last few years, but which should also correlate the early history of New York with that of the other European colonies in America. The day has passed when the development of any one of the colonies can be isolated and treated by itself, or when the significance of events can be understood by taking America, rather than Europe, as the standpoint. With some qualifications which will be referred to presently, Mrs. Van Rensselaer has, we think, met this test in a highly satisfactory manner, and has produced a work which no student of the period can afford to neglect. The canvas is admittedly large and the landscape broad; she has been at pains so to survey the course of events in Europe and America as to make clear the position of New York as a centre of European influence on this continent; but she has done this without allowing the general to overshadow the particular, or to become a mere padded background against which to exhibit the more interesting details of the city's life.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's use of authorities, as shown by her text as well as by her bibliographies, seems to have been commendably thorough. She is the first writer to make fundamental use of the "Minutes of the Common Council," edited by Professor Osgood; the recently published "Van Rensselaer Bowier Manuscripts," and the mass of material gathered in the reports of the State historian; as she is also the first to draw upon Professor Osgood's monumental "History of the American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century." That the records of the Dutch West India Company, prior to 1700, with their priceless data for the history of the city, should have been sold as waste paper at public auction in 1821, is a melancholy illustration of the fate which has overtaken more than one collection of sources even in this country, and which may yet befall invaluable records now in the custody of New York and of other cities, unless better means for their preservation and publication are before long taken.

We have come to expect that a history of a city, however large a place in commerce or politics the city may have held, will contain a considerable percentage of purely antiquarian lore. In these days of patriotic ancestor-worship, the writer would be brave to the point of rashness who essayed an elaborate account of his own community without finding place in it for notices of leading families, the location of early buildings, streets, and house lots, and other entertaining details. Mrs. Van Rensselaer knows her audience too well to do the unexpected, but to her credit it must be said that she has kept this fascinating but dangerous material well in hand, and has not allowed it to overweight her main narrative. Her interest, in other words, is in history rather than in biography; and while few notable families of New York who can trace their ancestry back to the Dutch period fail of appropriate notice in these pages, it is as essential factors in the development of the community, and not simply as individuals, that they for the most part appear.

Naturally, it falls to Mrs. Van Rensselaer's task to correct more than one time-honored error of the historians, such, for example, as the statement, repeated by no less an authority than John Fiske only a few years ago, that Argall in 1613 received the submission of a Dutch governor at Manhattan, when, in fact, it was nearly ten years before there was a West India Company in Holland or a Dutch governor in America. Nor was the purchase price of sixty guilders with which Minuit acquired the island of Manhattan so ridiculous as has often been represented, considering that land was the one thing of which the Indians had enough and to spare, and that the amount was actually paid, not in money, but in commodities to which the Indians attached great value. So, again, the notion that the patroon system established feudalism in the province, or had anything in particular to do with the eventual overthrow of the Dutch power by the English, must at least be greatly modified. As Mrs. Van Rensselaer points out (Vol. I, p. 93), the New Netherland patroonships were seigniorial, but not feudal, properties; their owners were presently empowered to sell or devise them; the grant of them carried no military power, and their people were not serfs, but tenants; while

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as regards their influence upon the history of the province, it is to be remembered that they did not multiply or flourish, and that only one really prospered.

That New Netherland did not thrive as did the neighboring English plantations was due in part to the fact that the West India Company, though holding the best geographical site for the development of trade, never attained to any conception of a colony save as a source of immediate wealth, suffered from no competition at home, and continued its policy of control throughout the period of its existence practically unchanged, notwithstanding that the English companies, though not in general more intelligent at the outset, did not hesitate to alter their policies when they proved "economically undesirable"; and to the further fact that economic and religious conditions in Holland did not necessitate emigration. While the ecclesiastical policy of Charles I and Laud was sending thousands of Puritans to America, "the West India Company was trying to people its province from a land where men were free and content; and to this land every dissatisfied settler was eager to return" (Vol. I, pp. 112-113).

Mrs. Van Rensselaer gives much space to tracing the relations, rarely friendly and on the whole increasingly hostile, between New Amsterdam and its English neighbors. In an interesting passage (Vol. I, pp. 300, 301) she points out that Bancroft, and other writers who have followed him, are in error in ascribing to the large immigration from New England, between 1640 and 1650, the rising demand of New Netherland for self-government. "Neither the *Petition* nor the *Remonstrance* of 1649 is tinged with English ideas"; on the contrary, the Dutch themselves, in demanding "burger-government," were in reality asking for something which, however unfamiliar to the Englishmen of the day, meant to them a larger measure of self-government than Englishmen then enjoyed. Doubtless, the origin of political ideas in any community is hard to trace, and we cannot but suspect that Mrs. Van Rensselaer somewhat underestimates here the influence of contemporary English thinking, though it must be confessed that the prevailing attitude of the English in New England towards their Dutch neighbors did little to cultivate a favorable soil for the reception of English ideas. Whatever the origin, however, the rapid working of the notion of freedom from home control has many illustrations in these pages. In 1653 the delegates summoned by Stuyvesant drew up a statement of grievances, in which they virtually denied the right of the company to govern the province, on the ground that conditions in the colony were different from those at home, and that in consequence the people should have a voice in the making of the laws.

That Stuyvesant should have regarded the pretensions of the delegates as preposterous was to be expected, but his invincible opposition to popular government does not blind Mrs. Van Rensselaer to his virtues as governor, or modify the vigor of her protest against the gross caricature of him, and, through him, of the community and its people, for which Irving is to be held responsible. Of his incessant activity, albeit in a losing cause, and his zeal for the development and defence of the colony notwithstanding the ignorance and apathy of the company and its increasing political embarrassments at home, her narrative offers convincing proof. Instead of declining under his administration, the city prospered. The population of the province, in 1660, though small in comparison with that of the English colonies, had quintupled since the departure of Kieft, thirteen years before, and was more than half again as large as that of Canada. There was gratifying extension of the settled area, with the planting of new towns; and in 1657 New Amsterdam was granted the "burger-right" which Chancellor Kent reckoned as, in a limited sense, a city charter. The population had good quality, too, notwithstanding its cosmopolitan character. To be sure, the people were not predominantly of the high type which had flowed into New England, but neither were they of the varied moral quality which was also a characteristic of the English colonies.

Of the war which transferred New Netherland to English control, Mrs. Van Rensselaer gives a lucid and detailed account, with especial reference to the commercial conditions which were so largely responsible for it. Nichols proved himself an able administrator, in spite of his youth and inexperience, treating the colonists liberally and keeping his word with them. The career of Dongan, which is also carefully followed, belongs as much to the province as to the city; but in the account of Dongan's relations with the governor of New France, the author has a chance to show her acquaintance with the less known aspects of the subject, and makes a welcome addition to the rather scanty volume of systematic information about the intercolonial diplomacy of the time. Recent studies of the Andros administrations have gone far to rehabilitate the memory of a man who to early historians was anathema, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer's presentation, while adding little that is new, confirms the more favorable impression.

Nearly half of the second volume is devoted to the Leisler period. The evidence, submitted in unusual detail, makes it clear that Leisler, though ignorant, conceited, and rash, was not in the ordinary sense of the term a usurper, and least of all a man who intended a permanent opposition to the English government at home. Thrown to the front by circumstances which he did not create, the spokesman of a widespread body of opinion rather than the originator of a revolutionary idea, he took control of affairs at a time when only a strong hand could have prevented disaster, won at least a formal submission to his authority within the city, and fell because, overborne by pride at his success, he resisted an authority which, as mere matter of policy, it would have been well to recognize. Whatever his motives, and however distorted his judgment, the arbitrary exercise of power for his own aggrandizement was not one of his ambitions. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's judgment upon Sloughter, whose alleged drunkenness has commonly been made the lame excuse for his action in signing Leisler's death warrant, is a good example of the restraint with which she treats controverted questions:

> Probably he had been sober when he asked the council whether the delay of the execution of justice "might not prove dangerous"; and it may be thought that a seasoned soldier recovered his senses between the Thursday evening when he signed the warrant and the Saturday morning when the prisoners were hanged. The real responsibility for the execution, legalized murder or lawful punishment, as it may be considered, must be laid in equal measure upon Sloughter and his five advisers, the five who were present at the council meeting on the 14th—Bayard, Van Cortlandt, Philipse, Nicolls, and Minvielle. No one could have compelled a Governor to speak as Sloughter then did; and no Governor could have ventured so to speak and to act without the hearty sanction of a quorum of his council (Vol. 2, p. 560).

Where there is so much which calls for strong commendation, and where a work as a whole is so obviously a notable addition to historical literature, it seems ungracious to make more than passing allusion to respects in which the work might have been better than it is. We feel compelled to say, however, that the weakness of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work is its superabundant detail. One proof of the success of a book is that it is read, and we seriously fear that few of the many who will begin the reading of these two stout volumes will persevere to the end. While all that Mrs. Van Rensselaer has to say is important, it is not all equally important, and a judicious pruning away of a fourth part of the details would unquestionably have improved the quality of what was left. Detailed as it is, however, the book is a notable piece of work, honorable alike to its author and to the city whose story it authoritatively sets forth. It is sincerely to be hoped that the remaining two volumes, intended to cover the century from 1689 to 1789, may not be long delayed.

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CURRENT FICTION.

The Battle. By Cleveland Moffett. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

From the literary point of view this is simply a good specimen of that queer, clumsy mongrel species, peculiar to our time, the novelized play. The common order is reversed; for it is a natural process to dramatize a novel, to precipitate the crystal of a play from the vague fluid of narrative and exposition. But to "novelize" a play is, as it were, to resolve that crystal into a dew: a task difficult almost to the point of impossibility. As a matter of fact, the attempt is commonly not so much to make a *bona-fide* novel out of the given dramatic material as to give the play a wider audience. A similar office may be performed by moving pictures. It might seem, to be sure, that the natural thing would be to print the play: this is done now and then, but is, we believe, a doubtful adventure for any publisher. The lack of scenery and costume and player with his personality, of orchestra, of jostling fellow-auditor, must be made up for roughly by devices of description. The great (with us chiefly feminine) reading public does not read plays unless coated with the sugar-frosting of fiction.

Note Mr. Moffett's experience. His play, called "The Battle," was produced in New York last December. It "not only met with success, but stirred up violent controversy"—success itself, from the manager's point of view. "Various publishers" now urged him to make a novel of it, and we have here the result of their pleadings. The last thing they wanted was disguise of its quality as a play. We have the usual photographs of actor and actress posing in a flat stage-light more or less according to the specifications of the text. Those compressions and annihilations of time and space which we accept perforce as dramatic conditions are complacently adhered to. We readily understand why it must have been an effective and even meritorious play. It was, perhaps, a catchpenny device to make the leading person the "richest man in America," whose popular nickname is "John J.," but the treatment of the man as an individual and as a type is not trivial. Doubtless, the drama provoked controversy because people failed to agree as to what it meant: a not unhopeful indication of health in such a play. "John J." is not made out a monster. He is allowed to put his philosophy of life very strongly, and comes out, in a way, victorious. Philip the youthful enthusiast, and Gentle the Socialist are equally human, and if they also are victors in the battle, it is also only "in a way." No panacea is offered for the quick adjustment of the difficulties between poverty and wealth, unless it be that every man, rich or poor, must "learn to do his loving himself"—a panacea at least two thousand years old.

The Glass House. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is a story of a confirmed wife, mother, and houseworker, weary but well-doing, who was hunted out by an old college classmate and persuaded to be sorry for herself and to take to literature. It is hardly conceivable that the mother of a twelve-year-old child should be so unstable of habit as to forsake the frying-pan for the inkstand. To find the story convincing is to believe that a mature and highly domesticated woman may suddenly go blind to home interests; may abandon even ordinary vigilance over her children, and may fail to live up to even a rudimentary code of professional honor. Great trouble, almost disaster, followed in the wake of Mrs. Loomis's pen; but rescue came in an unexpected fashion, and the house of Loomis stood once more four-square to the winds.

Its patron sinner, the woman who loved to be an "Instrument" of others' development, is just such a combination of the kindly and the meddlesome as is sometimes seen in real life, blundering along amiably and perniciously. She is perhaps the most credible portrait in the book. Upon her pudgy mind the ignoring of professional integrity sits not unnaturally. Her husband, the bad man of the plot, impresses one as being rather over-weighted with malice towards beings already down in their fortunes. However, as he provides the almost achieved melodrama, he must be tolerated. A touch of imagination informs the figure of the "poor, prodigal of a fellow" whose coming to the help of youth and innocence clears the murk from his own life and makes him a man. Youth and innocence, in the person of Louise, are startlingly selfish, greedy, and mendacious. Was there no saving preparatory influence in her mother's constant companionship during the twelve years before the flood of ink? And that mother a college graduate, accomplished cook, and seamstress!

"Mothers, beware of becoming short-story writers and novelists!" is the moral of the fable. If the moral is not loudly demanded by the public, the fable at least is mildly readable.

Diana Enthroned. By W. M. Letts. New York: John Lane Co.

The charm of this book is that it refuses to be classified. A story set in English country life, it is not a story of that life. A society woman or two fail to make it a society novel. The familiar situation of an eagerly adoring husband and a placidly tolerant wife takes a shape quite out of the ordinary. Even the ancient and honorable tactics of the conveniently dead tactlessly turning up alive are directed away from the obvious. If the story is to be labelled at all, it would have to be called a human-nature study. Not even a character study, for Phoebe and Robin, playmates from childhood, have no particular emphasis of character, but are vividly, shiningly endowed with what can only be called being. A faun he, a Diana she; yet a faun with extremely human faults, a Diana with a kindness that makes her almost religious, albeit she is thoroughly a pagan. Out-of-doors, horses, dogs, and children are the gods she worships, tenderness to the weak the mainspring of her life. This is it that controls her loves and her coolnesses and that captures and holds alike the weak Robin and the strong Hugh.

The story opens with the birth of Phoebe and the dedication of her by an unhappy mother to Diana, that she might be a child of nature and might not love mortal man. She forgot Endymion; and Phoebe lived to pass through life as other Dianas do. All that goes to make the enveloping atmosphere of field and garden and open, skyey country is agreeably unconventional. Glints of wit and humor are not lacking. A little worldliness invades the pastoral. Wisdom and even piety have their say in wholly unaffected fashion. The threads of the tissue are drawn together just a little loosely, but the interest does not die out.

The Show Girl. By Max Pemberton. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

Though the writer of this story has a good deal to say about the absurdity of the Anglo-American attitude toward the life of Bohemian Paris, he does not disdain to take advantage of that attitude. His tale is squarely addressed to the audience which loves to hear of students' balls, cocottes, grisettes, and the Moulin Rouge. It is not a story of stage life. The heroine is a "show girl" in a very general sense, and her public career—not much of a career, at best—is of little account in the narrative. What is of account is the Bohemian atmosphere, the devil-may-care mode of progress toward a foregone conclusion. The deviltry, to be sure, is seen in the end to have pretty much confined itself to wine and song—an innovation in this kind of story. The hero, a young English sculptor *in velle*, is, with all his nonsense, a person of uncommon virtue, and so is the "Mimi" whom he rescues from the hands of a certain cheap showman by the simple method of buying her. She had been guilty of no such shocking if natural complaisance as Trilby's—a fact which we are encouraged to attribute to her noble birth. The incidents which precede the final and comfortable union of the virtuous pair need not be recounted here. They are

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of that amiably adventurous type which will survive in popular fiction to the end of time. The tale is told in the form of letters, and loses nothing in vivacity thereby.

The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence. By George Burman Foster. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1 net

The title of Professor Foster's apologia for theological liberalism cannot be justified either by the contents of the book or by its method. It suggests that scientific models are kept in view: as a matter of fact, its discussion of religion is more rhetorical than scientific. Often the rhetoric is extremely effective, and is the vehicle of sincere conviction. It will be listened to because in many places the book voices the feeling of the present day in its opposition to religious traditions and to the organizations which uphold them; but the failure to meet the demands of scientific accuracy can be illustrated on almost every page, perhaps nowhere better or more concretely than in the definition of religion as "self-effectuation." This phrase is typical; it reveals the contradictions in which such a work is involved by its attempt to discover analogies between biological science and religion. What product of history, individual or social, could not be called "self-effectuation"? It is no more an accurate description of religion than it is of Roman law or a mediæval cathedral. The whole theory here expounded of the origin, place, and development of religion can throw little light on the actual facts of racial religious differences or on the varied forms of religious consciousness generally. The struggle for existence as it has been worked out in the field of both civilized and savage mankind cannot be put in the terms of physical or biological science without the sacrifice of essential factors. If Professor Foster had ventured anywhere to come to close quarters with any of the great religions of the world as they have been expressed in doctrine, conduct, or administration, he would have seen his inability to account thus for either their successes or their failures.

By this false terminology a suggestive idea is spoiled. The writer's purpose is to protest against a mechanical theory of inspiration that pictures man as an inert receptacle into which divine truth is conveyed by some extraordinary act of Providence. He wishes to rescue the subjective element in religion and to show that religion is a human product adapted to and created by man's needs. At the close of his book he speaks plainly, without using biological terminology, of the difficulties now facing all Christian churches through the assured results of criticism and history. He even goes so far as to minimize the influence on Christianity of a possible demonstration that Jesus Christ never existed, though he is careful to state that he himself accepts the historical reality of Christ. Yet it can hardly be said that the Chicago professor of theology shows more daring here than the Roman Catholic Modernists. The interest of his position is that by pleading for freedom of research and also for freedom of expressing popularly the results of research, he has brought down upon himself the anathemas of his co-religionists. His words on this point deserve attention not only from the churches, but from those without the churches who respect Christian civilization and reverence the influence of Christian lives. Professor Foster is undoubtedly right in maintaining that church organizations cannot afford to alienate the seeker after truth. It is a temperament which accords with Christian ideals; the goal is of less importance. The whole subject of the standards of membership in Christian churches needs to be fearlessly handled. Professor Foster's case is not an isolated one. He believes in the Church as a Christian community, he recognizes the work it can do, and yet his tenure as a Christian is made uncertain simply because an attempt is made in our own day to apply regulations of loyalty which grew up when Christendom was divided into a collection of ecclesiastical camps, hostile to one another and convinced that the sole way of protecting their own interests was to secure absolute uniformity of doctrinal statements among their adherents.

The Wander Years. By J. H. Yoxall, M.P. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

This is scarcely a book of travel, although the "journeys into life, letters, and art" are often connected with actual journeys into France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Mr. Yoxall's avowed purpose is to portray his travels "through the present and into the past; amidst hoary white civilization, eschewing the ugly new; into Green Vaults and Festspielhausen, Bodleians, Alt Pinacotheks, and Salons Carré (*sic*); into the proudest Parliament; into cabinets of thought and foyers of action, labyrinthine streets of the city of Mansoul, and calm domains of Academe; best of all . . . into lenient pastures of pity and aid and pardon." Those who have the courage, after this warning, to follow the wander years will not be wholly unrewarded.

The essays which centre about France contain Mr. Yoxall's best work. It is a disappointment to find him mounting a "snorting and pawing" automobile in the Bois de Boulogne, after he has shared with Dickens the diligence to Avignon and, not only imaginatively, has "tramped" over many of the "rising and falling roads." But he still, in successful moments, reproduces something of the physical charm and of the temperament of "old France." Essays of another kind range from a gallant defence of Madame de Warens to a regretful picture of Lottchen on the Loire, and from the soul of a Cathedral to the rose on Billingsley porcelain. Each subject has numberless points of contact. A few essays, especially the one "to Mr. and Mrs. Bull," are quite unredeemed by the appreciative knowledge of the good in art and letters which makes it possible to endure the malformed style of the entire volume. The "exotic" words for which, in the preface, the author is willing to go to the stake are few. Nor is any one likely to cavil at the frequent and unitalicized French. An apology was rather needed for lapses into vulgarisms and banalities. But the chief defects of Mr. Yoxall's style are not found in his vocabulary. Grotesque imitation of Thackeray and Lamb (whom he actually calls "the merriest of the lambs") is an evil fruit of his admiration for the older masters. And in his reiterated praise of the "wandering fire" affectation takes the place of the vivacity of the greater vagrants. The most vigorous single paragraph in the book, and autobiographically the most interesting, pictures a boy reading Gessner's "Death of Abel" on the slippery horsehair sofa of a mid-Victorian parlor in which lingered "the ghosts of numberless dull Sundays." It is a pity that when Mr. Yoxall discovered that life can be "ode and epode, alcaic and sapphic, epic and elegy," he did not submit his wander spirit and his "bit-between-the-teethy" pen to inherited rigor and discipline.

The East End of Europe. By Allen Upward. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

In one sense, Mr. Upward's excellent contribution to our knowledge of Macedonian history during the last ten years, though published a very short while, is already belated. It will be recalled that the Macedonian problem, in its most critical aspect, had to do with the struggle between the Bulgarian and Greek nationalities for a predominant position on the Ægean, carrying with it the right of succession to the Sick Man of Europe's holdings when that erratic invalid was finally bundled across the Bosphorus into Asia. In Macedonia, the Bulgarian and Greek bands preached their respective gospels with fire and sword. British and American opinion undoubtedly inclined to the side of the Bulgarians. This would seem natural enough, ever since Gladstone took the latter under his special protection. Now, it is asserted by Mr. Upward that Greece has been sadly misunderstood in the

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matter. Bulgaria, by clever manipulation of foreign opinion, has succeeded in creating the impression that her rights in Macedonia are sounder than they really are. Mr. Upward draws up a brief for Greece. Since he states his position frankly at the outset, there is no fault to be picked with the tone of the book. He shows an intimate acquaintance with the details of a badly-tangled problem, makes lavish use of documentary evidence, and altogether shows himself one of the best equipped writers on the subject.

In calling the book belated, we had in mind the fact that for the present the Macedonian problem has become merged into the new situation in Turkey. The civil war in Macedonia has ceased. The disappearance of the Ottoman rule seems no longer imminent. Neither Bulgaria nor Greece has, of course, given up its ambitions with regard to Macedonia, but when the conflict revives, if it does revive, it will bear a different character. Nevertheless, Mr. Upward's account of racial and economic conditions in the disputed region should be of value for a long time to come.

The Effects of War on Property. By Almá Latifi. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

This is a collection of studies on the effect of a state of war upon property in its various forms. After considering the property of enemies and neutrals on land, the effect of conquest upon property, the property of enemies and neutrals at sea, and exceptions to the rule of capture at sea, the author comes to what, we suspect, is the topic of chief interest to an Englishman at this time —the inviolability claimed for private property from capture at sea. He treats briefly the history of this doctrine from the time of Mably and Vattel, and then shows that in the practice of nations the doctrine is not yet accepted. The abstract arguments in favor of the innovation he examines and finds wanting, while those against it he pronounces conclusive. The entire question, he concludes, is "one of political expediency, to be decided by each state after a consideration of its own especial circumstances." After reviewing the circumstances of England, he contends that that country, if it accepted the innovation, "would be a distinct loser as compared with the Continental nations that are so eager for a change of the law."

Mr. Latifi is good enough not to doubt the "humanitarian motives" of many advocates of the inviolability of private property at sea, but remarks that the policy of nations is based upon self-interest, not upon "abstract principles preached by professors or embodied in resolutions of peace congresses." From this and other expressions we conclude that the volume was intended as a courteous British greeting to the International Naval Conference in London. Professor Westlake cordially seconds the greeting by contributing an appended note in which he thoroughly demolishes the "topsy-turvy" notions of the expected guests.

Science.

Little Busybodies: The Life of Crickets, Ants, Bees, Beetles, Etc. By Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody. New York: Harper & Bros. 75 cents.

The first thought of a reviewer on taking up a book of science for young people is likely to be that it requires brief consideration. However accurately this may express a common opinion, it certainly falls short of conveying a truth. For no book can be more important than one that has to do with the formation of young minds; and that books of science adapted to the young have done much to determine the career of some men who now occupy leading positions among teachers of science, the writer hereof knows. Moreover, there is no class of books whose composition requires greater skill than such as this study of "Busybodies." The authors are teachers in Mt. Holyoke College, and their profession has plainly given them a happy control of the art of lucid expression. Under the admirable direction of an experienced guide, who is also a well-informed naturalist and practical entomologist, a small miscellaneous group of children, during a summer vacation in the mountains, is brought into close relations with some of the common and most interesting insects. The old guide succeeds in telling what he knows in a way that both interests and informs. The incidents of camp-life and the play of various characters help to keep the interest from flagging. The whole assemblage of incidents and facts is well managed and falls naturally into the authors' purpose. The technical knowledge conveyed is accurately as well as pleasingly given.

There is really nothing to criticise seriously, only here and there a questionable slip. It is hardly allowable today to class spiders with their "sparkling fairy webs spun anew for us every morning," among insects; although it would have passed muster less than a century ago. Nor is it quite correct to speaks of "ants carrying grains of sand as far from their doorways as possible." It is a traditional belief that the curious little neuropterous grubs, known as Myrmeleon, or ant lions, "throw up sand over their heads in order to hit a helpless little ant and knock it down into the pit." But one who has carefully observed the grub will hardly give it credit for a purposeful bombardment of that sort. The sand is, indeed, thrown up to make a runway down which an ant may slide into its jaws; but when it occasionally hits its prey, this seems to happen purely by accident, and the hitting appears to have no effect in the way of "knocking it down." But such slight lapses from the strict facts are rare; and the book is to be commended as generally trustworthy.

The illustrations are for the most part rather crude, though generally sufficient for the purpose. However, it ought to be remarked that such a picture as that of the ant lion's pit opposite page 78 is scarcely reputable drawing.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby has apparently abandoned the pill and scalpel for a pen whose ink flows freely and a blue pencil which he uses wisely in editing an admirable series of treatises on medical topics of value to the general reader. His own publications are becoming numerous. The last, entitled "Health, Strength, and Happiness" (Mitchell Kennerley), is alleged by a subtitle to be a book of practical advice, and is declared to teach a new asceticism concerning the care of the body, with a just regard to the importance of the mind. The book concerns itself chiefly with grown-ups, children being a fascinating subject to be taken up at another time. For a similar reason, the book is almost sexless, since certain momentous questions relating to women are reserved for consideration in a separate volume. Much attention is paid to the middle-aged man who is just going down hill when he need not, and who ought to be ashamed of his decline. Fresh air, much light, loose and washable clothing, sensible shoes, much and easy sleep, are the more important agencies to help him and others. Work, free from excitement, is not harmful, and particularly not a cause of sleeplessness, insomnia being often merely a result of indigestion. As to exercise, Saleeby is a skeptic, holding muscular development to be of little importance, and the best exercise that which we enjoy, and having little respect for gymnasiums and none for bedroom apparatus for this purpose. All these and many kindred matters are discussed pleasantly and almost too diffusely, so much so that the reader, while sure of entertainment, is often uncertain just what the author really believes and advises, and why. As a whole, the book is suggestive and likely to help many to whom a more exact treatise would be unwelcome.

The publication of the complete works of Alessandro Volta is now assured by the action of the Italian government in contributing $3,000 towards the necessary expenses. A committee appointed jointly by the Reale Istituto Lombardo delle Scienze and the Reale Accademia dei Lincei will have charge of this edition, which, it is expected, will consist of five volumes, and be finished within two years.

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish this autumn "Preventable Diseases," by Dr. Woods Hutchinson; "The Elements of Military Hygiene," by Percy M. Ashburn, and "Astronomy from a Dipper," by Eliot C. Clarke.

Eugen von Gothard, the Hungarian astronomer, has died at the age of fifty-two.

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He made a number of astro-physical and astro-photographic studies in an observatory at the family seat at Herény.

Drama.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE IN ENGLAND.

The announcement, some weeks back, that two repertory theatres are shortly to be started in London, one to be directed by Herbert Trench with an influential backing, the other under the management of Mr. Frohman with the coöperation of the following authors: George Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, J. M. Barrie, and John Galsworthy, marks the turning point in the fortunes of the movement that has been actively propagated for the last twenty years. It is about twenty years ago that the first performances of Ibsen's plays were given in London, a period when William Archer, our leading dramatic critic, was, almost single-handed, championing the work of that great European dramatist against the virulent abuse and active prejudice of most of the prominent organs of the London press. The audiences were enthusiastic, but small, and from that day to this the rare Ibsen performances we have had have only brought to the theatre doors the relatively small public of highly cultivated, artistic, and progressive people who are capable of thinking for themselves. Had William Archer's name been prefixed by Mr. Frohman to the list of his four "coöperators," we should, indeed, see the main links in the historical chain of the repertory theatre movement. For Mr. Archer's teaching begat Granville Barker's practice, and without Bernard Shaw's sustained attacks, both in his criticisms and his plays, on the conventional ideals, the sentimental falsities, and worm-eaten traditions of the British drama, we should have had no Court Theatre, and without the Court Theatre John Galsworthy's modern plays, "The Silver Box," "Joy," and "Strife," would scarcely have been staged. J. M. Barrie is the only man of the five who, while taking a line parallel with the course steered by the others, has remained independent; but that Mr. Frohman's repertory theatre would not come into being without Mr. Barrie's own inspiring example and striking dramatic successes—for this we have Mr. Frohman's own declaration in the London *Times*.

The repertory theatre movement is, in theory, and let us hope it will prove in practice also, a reversal of the commercial policy that has strangled our British drama for several generations. Long ago a French critic remarked that the drama declined from the day that large theatres came into being, and the mediocrity of the Victorian drama certainly coincided with the system of large theatres, high rents, and long runs. The triumph of the popular commercial drama was a by-product of the economic developments that witnessed the destruction of scores of beautiful, old-world handicrafts by the competitions of the new, cheap manufacturing processes. The system, in drama, acted automatically to exclude all work of fine original quality that was not, and could not be, a "popular success." William Archer in 1896 wrote:

> Suppose that a playwright of genius comparable to Mr. Meredith were to appear among us to-morrow, what would be his fate? After weary years spent in bandying to and fro a brown paper parcel shuttlecock, and in playing battledore with the actor-managers, he might possibly get one of his plays produced. It would attract very little attention; a few critics would praise it warmly and be laughed at for their pains; . . . it would be withdrawn, and the dramatic Meredith would be not only depressed, but annihilated by his failure. . . . The managers would steadfastly refuse his other works. . . . In short, his talent would be absolutely and hopelessly gagged. . . . In either case the sum-total would be a genius wasted for want of a very simple mechanism to enable him to seek his public and his public to find him. . . . This is precisely the situation of the British dramatist. . . . On the other hand there exists beyond all question a public within the public. . . . The Repertory Theatre, which must at first to some extent be an endowed theatre, is required to afford a meeting-place for the artist-playwright and the art-loving (as opposed to the mere show-loving) public.

That Mr. Archer did not overstate his case may be proved by a simple comparison. All literary critics are agreed that the Elizabethan drama was representative of Elizabethan culture, but nobody can pretend that the Victorian drama was ever representative of Victorian culture. Compare the list of our great Victorian novelists and poets with that of the contemporary dramatists. We find the dead "poetic drama" of Talfourd and his school, two or three clever, garish plays by Lord Lytton, a few pseudo-realistic "dramas with a purpose" by Charles Reade, plays of the "teacup and saucer" school of Robertson, the plays of Mr. Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. These are the flowers of the Victorian drama blossoming amid the interminable thicket of deadwood, the sensational, sentimental, meretricious vulgarities false to life and false to art, that have filled the play-bills of the last sixty years. Clever actors, of course, can do wonders with topical plays, with plays of the "cape and sword" school, with comedies that exaggerate the humors of life, with plays that parody fashionable life. I do not wish here to cast any reflections on the great uncritical body of playgoers for whose tastes our British actor-managers, with scarcely any exceptions, have catered, for the last two generations: I only point out that the average drama of the commercial theatre, in point of view of art, of intellect, and of permanent human interest, has been far below the corresponding standards of the average marketable novel. Even the Shakespearean drama has been falsified and cheapened by an actor-manager placing the emphasis on its spectacular instead of its great human appeal, and this through the agency of "large theatres, high rents, and long runs." I except, of course, the revivals by a few great actors, such as Macready and Henry Irving, and the special work done by the Benson Company. How fatal the actor-manager system has been to the English stage is, moreover, shown by the extraordinarily meagre list of representations of classic and Shakespearean drama. Very few of Shakespeare's plays are ever performed in London. The best performance I have seen in twenty years of "Twelfth Night," barring Henry Irving's, was given by the children of two clever families in a Surrey village. The great tragedies of "Othello," "Macbeth," "King Lear" have not been adequately acted within the memory of our generation. The chief Elizabethan dramatists — Shakespeare excepted—have never been "revived" in the commercial theatre. Congreve is acted not once in five years. And so on, and so on.

The admissions made in the rival manifestoes of the two projected repertory theatres are indeed an indictment of the commercial drama: (1.) *The Young Dramatists:* "A Repertory Theatre," says Mr. Frohman, "should be the first home of the young dramatist. I beg of him to be done with the theatrical, and write only of a life that he really knows." "It is hoped," says Mr. Trench, "that the new management will be able to give the most generous opportunities to young English dramatists." (2.) *The Drama as an Art:* "Under our new system," says Mr. Trench, "it will be possible to produce masterpieces by dramatists of the first rank which would never see the light in a long run." (3.) *The Bill of Fare:* "I want to interest the good play-goer, not once or twice a year, in what is being done at my theatres, but once or twice a month," Mr. Frohman states; and Mr. Trench informs us that "the 'play of ideas' will be varied also by selections from the best revived modern plays, and by classical plays, such as those of Shakespeare, and comedies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." (4.) *The Public:* "In my opinion," says Mr. Frohman, "there are now in this country a number of people sufficiently large to be called the public, who wish to delight in the drama as an art." That is the all-important question. It is obvious

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that the hope of a renaissance in British drama depends upon the number of the art-loving public being sufficiently large to give strong support to the appeal of "the artist-dramatists." Has this day really arrived? My answer must be in the affirmative, even though I am writing these words in the shadow of London.

Curiously enough, London, which, as the centre of the British Empire, should take the lead in all matters of vital reform, is always miles behind our other great centres in encouraging them. London, as the home of "vested interests," is the most conservative of cities; its overgrown size seems to paralyze the imagination of its citizens, its "intellectual" public is scattered and lost in the great wilderness of the suburbs. Manchester has known the highly successful repertory theatre of Miss Horniman's company of players, while London has been waiting for some manager to arise and carry on the splendid work accomplished in its Vedrenne-Barker performances at the Court Theatre, 1905-6. The Court audiences proper were broken up by Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker's move to the Savoy Theatre, where they failed to find adequate support. Since then the most promising theatre, in the way of encouraging the more original order of drama, has been the Kingsway, under the management of Miss Lena Ashwell; but her "forward" policy, I hear, has not of late met with paying results. The Irish National Theatre, started by Miss Horniman, and generously subsidized by her, has adopted an æsthetic programme of a special and somewhat narrow character, and the venture of her Manchester company, under the direction of Iden Payne, is of a more catholic and representative order. The performances of this company that I have attended in Manchester have been equal to the most brilliant performances at the Court. A finished unity of effect, a general harmony of tone among the players is practically never seen on the random stage, since the actors recruited under the "star" system, each time afresh for a new piece, are not controlled by an art director or producer who aims at the artistic balance of the piece as a whole, but by a manager who aims merely at the effectiveness of the leading parts. An art director should be the spiritual conscience of the whole company, he should know exactly what his players can or cannot do, and it is his function to interpret a given drama much in the sense that the painter interprets a given landscape. Macready and Henry Irving and other great actor-managers have aimed at this unity of tone in a performance, but the actor-managers as a rule have failed egregiously to secure it. But the other great advantage of the repertory theatre is that the players, accustomed to one another's methods, and called upon to enact a great many parts during the year, gain in intelligence and versatility, with the drawback, however, that the strain on the whole company and the art director is continuous and very severe.

That Mr. Trench's repertory theatre at Haymarket has been guaranteed ample financial support for a period of three years is the most satisfactory news that the "good play-goer" has heard in our generation. The commercial theatre will not and cannot afford to run risks in order to please the art-loving public; that has been demonstrated *ad nauseam*. The subsidized repertory theatre will take these risks in the hope of educating the taste of the average play-goer, and of teaching him to appreciate artistic standards he has not hitherto demanded. Of course, a great deal will depend upon the capacity of the art directors of the repertory theatres. In this respect Mr. Frohman is safe; Granville Barker is the best "producer" we have had on the modern stage. Norman McKinnel will enter on his duties at the Haymarket Theatre, under the Trench directorship, with the confident hopes of everybody. Iden Payne, the director of Miss Horniman's company, is, I am personally convinced, destined to play a leading part in the creation of a British drama worthy to be called drama.

Disappointments and setbacks there will, of course, be many. I am inclined to doubt whether the young, untried dramatist will meet with as much encouragement as the director of the new repertory theatres would seem to promise him. But we may expect that the standard of dramatic criticism, which, under the influence of the commercial drama, has been of poor quality, will gain in originality and insight. And this should react favorably on the standards of the ordinary play-goer; though I am bound to admit that the excellent literary criticism that now appears in so many of our leading London newspapers has had much less effect in improving the literary taste of the British public at large than one would have supposed. The last word must, however, be one of hope. The outlook for drama in the past three years has changed much for the better. After the prime minister's recent declaration in the House of Commons, we may surely hope that the ridiculous British censorship, which has so long paralyzed the freedom of outspoken serious drama, will be replaced by the creation of a sane authoritative body. The old view that the theatre is merely a place of amusement is giving way, slowly, but none the less giving way, to the idea that the theatre is one of the most potent instruments we possess for the aesthetic, mental, and moral instruction of the citizen. We must not expect that a great drama will come into being, for a modern public is not worthy of it. But we may expect that the theatre will be more representative of modern outlook and our modern culture than the Victorian Theatre was representative of our fathers' and our grandfathers' culture.

EDWARD GARNETT.

Art.

Señor A. de Beruete y Moret, the author of "The School of Madrid" (London: Duckworth; New York: Scribners) is the son of the well-known authority on Velasquez. In this study of Velasquez's contemporaries and successors at Madrid the son shows that he has inherited no small portion of the father's scholarly caution and critical acumen. The subject is on the whole an uninviting one. We have to do either with sheer imitators of Velasquez or with religious painters rather weaker than their Sevillian contemporaries. To be sure Cerezo, Cabazalero, Juan Rizi, and Antolinez express the ruling Jesuitical fervor with originality, shunning oversweetness, and retaining the dignity of real passion. Carreño, too, seems very nearly a master portrait painter in his own right. Mazo, at least, is a fascinating problem, being almost a great painter if Velasquez were away. While these copyists and eclectics are not intrinsically of the highest interest, the field is so little known and their works have been so frequently attributed to Velasquez, that Señor Beruete's pioneer work serves an obviously useful purpose. No chapter is more interesting than that on Mazo, the son-in-law and assistant of Velasquez. To him is attributed the remarkable portrait of Admiral Pareja, in the National Gallery, and the superb Prince Balthasar Carlos in the Riding School, at Grosvenor House. The first attribution is attractive, the second will, we fancy, hardly establish itself. Especially interesting is the treatment of Mazo as a landscapist. In this field Mazo struck out for himself and achieved independence. Otherwise he will be remembered chiefly for the trouble he has made as the faithful copyist and admirable imitator of his great father-in-law.

Señor Beruete's work is so scholarly and so serviceable that we regret to point out its obvious weakness—the failure to take into account Spanish pictures in America. At Montreal, in the New York Historical Society, the Metropolitan Museum, in the private collections of Philadelphia—to mention only obvious instances—there are many pictures that should have been registered. Setting aside the commoner royal portraits, most of which fall to Mazo, such pictures as the impressive St. John of the New York Historical Society—possibly a Cerezo, the spirited group by Mazo (?) in the Johnson collection, Philadelphia, and the romantic landscape by Collantes at Cottier's should be recorded and studied. The time has passed when a book of this sort can safely be written without a visit to America. And if European scholars find the journey impracticable, at least they should strive to make

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their survey complete, through correspondence and collaboration with American colleagues. This book is well printed, and contains fifty reproductions of paintings, several of which are now first published. Mrs. Stuart Erskine's translation is excellent.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts has announced the result of the *concours* for the Prix de Rome. The Grand Prix goes to Armand P. G. Bodard, a pupil of Gabriel Ferrier. The second prize is awarded to Jean E. M. Tourné of Agen, a pupil of M. Cormon, and the third prize is taken by M. Merle, also a pupil of M. Ferrier.

John Robinson Tait, a painter and critic, died at his home in Baltimore, July 29, at the age of seventy-five. He was educated at Woodward College, Cincinnati, and at Bethany College, Virginia. In 1859 he went to Düsseldorf, and for eight years was a pupil of August Weber and Andreas Achenbach. Returning to Cincinnati in 1872, he was placed in charge of the art department of the second industrial exposition of that city. He designed the art hall of the exposition, and brought together there the first important "loan collection" exhibited in this country. He settled in Baltimore in 1876. His best-known paintings are Siebengebirge, Lake of Wallenstadt, Lake of Four Cantons, Norwegian Waterfall, Solitude, A Rainy Day, Vesper Hour, and A Tyrolean Cottage. He was also the author of a book of poems, "Dolce Far Niente," and "European Life, Legend, and Landscape."

Willy J. E. Hamacher, the landscape and marine painter, has died at Reinerz in Silesia, at the age of forty-four. He was a pupil of Hans Gude and won the gold medal at the Berlin international exhibition of 1896.

From Halberstadt comes the news of the death of Paul Meyer, the genre painter, in his forty-sixth year.

Finance.

THE STEEL TRUST DIVIDEND.

When the Steel Corporation was formed, in April, 1901, the $550,000,000 common stock was issued, on a basis varying from equal exchange to $125 in the new stock for $100 of the old, to acquire the common stock of eight Trusts already existing in the American steel trade. Of these older common stocks, those of four companies were paying dividends at the time of the amalgamation, and those of four others had never paid any dividend whatever. It was reported—rightly or wrongly—that shareholders in the outside concerns had been induced to enter the amalgamation by a promise of dividends; however that may be, quarterly dividends at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum were begun on the common stock in September, 1901.

So long as the "trade boom" of that year continued, things went well enough; but in 1903 a sudden trade reaction came. Earnings fell so low that not only was the common stock dividend not earned, but nothing was earned on the half-billion preferred. The common stock dividend was passed; that on the preferred was paid out of the past surplus, and the surplus fund fell to disquietingly low proportions. In due time, trade revived, but the corporation had learned a lesson. In October, 1906, although surplus earnings then surpassed all previous experience, dividends on the common stock were resumed at the annual rate of only 2 per cent., large appropriations for repairs, replacements, and new construction, being made out of current earnings. This dividend rate remained unchanged until last week.

The common shares sold at 55 in the wild speculation following the merger of 1901; their price fell to 8⅝ after dividends had been passed, two and a half years later. It never touched the quotation of 1901 again until the excited "after-election" market of last autumn. Last February, it declined nearly to 41; shortly afterward, an extraordinary speculation began. The general public was buying only sparsely, but certain large Wall Street interests bought seemingly without restraint, and early last month, they had got the price actually above 70. Incidentally, the remarkable attempt to induce the rich French market to speculate in the stock began. This particular undertaking was checkmated, temporarily at any rate, by the interference of the French government with the plan to "list" the stock on the Paris Bourse; but the New York interests still held up the price. Then came last week's announcement of a 3 per cent. annual dividend, instead of 2.

Thus far, all that appears is that the rate of dividend has been raised. That simple fact would not prove, any more than would a "Paris listing," that the property was really any more valuable than before. The propriety of increased dividends is commonly determined first, by earnings. Now the net earnings for the quarter ending last June, from which the higher quarterly dividend was paid, were $29,340,000, which was $9,000,000 more than was earned in the corresponding quarter of 1908. Here was a handsome increase. But that quarter in 1908 was in the aftermath of financial panic. In the same quarter of 1907, when the annual 2 per cent. rate was regularly maintained, net earnings were $45,500,000; in 1906, when it was not deemed wise to pay anything on the common shares, the quarter netted $40,125,000. That is to say, the increase in the quarterly dividend is made at a time when the company's net earnings are less by 35 per cent. than in the days of a smaller dividend, and less by nearly 30 per cent. than in the days of no dividend at all.

Such a policy contrasts so singularly with the habit of experienced corpora-

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tion managements, that it would in any case call for explanation. Two explanations are presented, neither of them officially—one, that the dividend rate in 1906 was fixed too low; the other, that the "putting back of earnings into the property," between 1903 and 1907, has so far strengthened the company's physical resources that, with return of good times, it will be able to report unprecedentedly large earnings, which the present increase in the dividend only anticipates.

The first argument will hardly meet the approval of conservative critics, who are practically a unit in declaring that the Steel Corporation's fiscal policy, since it got its lesson in 1903, has been wise and altogether beneficial, and that any other policy would have quite possibly repeated the blunder of 1901. The second argument has this much of force, that a new and highly efficient steel-producing plant—capable, with the company's other plants, of meeting customers' demands for many years to come—has been virtually completed by applying current earnings to the purpose. This particular requirement will not hereafter exist on the same scale. On the other hand, appropriations for improving, replacing, and extending the rest of the company's plant, which are a constant charge, and which ran as high as $36,000,000 in 1906 and $39,000,000 in 1907, have since then been wholly suspended. Had they been continued, some heavy deficits would have been caused, in the past two years, by paying even the 2 per cent. annual dividend.

It is reasonable to suppose that the problem of future needs had been thoroughly examined, before last week's increase in the dividend. In the end it may turn out that the increase was amply justified. The offsetting considerations are, that improvement appropriations may be held down, for the sake of showing larger earnings and higher dividends, with the result (as in the two years after 1901) of inviting trouble in the future; that no one can be absolutely sure of conditions that will hereafter govern earnings; that increase of dividends because of what is expected but not yet obtained is traditionally dangerous; and that the aroma of "inside speculation" which has surrounded the present episode is at least unfortunate.

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Bibliography of the Chinese Question in the United States. Complied by R. E. Cowan and B. Dunlap. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.40 net.

Bierce, A. The Shadow on the Dial and Other Essays. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $2 net.

Bulletin of the International Union of the American Republics. Annual Review Number. Washington, D. C.

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Cesaresco, E. M. The Place of Animals in Human Thought. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Clawson, W. H. The Gest of Robin Hood. University of Toronto Library.

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Coles-Finch, W. Water, Its Origin and Use. Van Nostrand Co. $5 net.

Couch, S. B. In the Shadow of the Peaks. Cochrane Publishing Co.

Didier, E. L. The Poe Cult and Other Poe Papers. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Emmet, T. A. Ireland Under English Rule. Vols. I and II. Second editions revised. Putnam. $5 net.

Ford, Julia E. Simeon Solomon: An Appreciation. F. F. Sherman. $3.50 net.

Frank, H. Modern Light on Immortality. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.85 net.

Frost, T. G. The Man of Destiny. Gramercy Pub. Co. $1.50

Gask, L. In Nature's School. Crowell. $1.50.

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Hammerton, J. A. George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism. Mitchell Kennerley. $4 net.

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Kerley, C. G. Short Talk with Young Mothers. Second edition. Putnam.

Kinnaird, P. The Evolution of Money. Nashville: Marshall & Bruce Co. 50 cts.

Life and Letters of Peter and Susan Lesley. Edited by M. L. Ames. Vols. I and II. Putnam.

McKenzie, R. T. Exercise in Education and Medicine. Philadelphia: Saunders Co. $3.50 net.

Macphail, A. Essays in Politics. Longmans.

Malet, L. The Score. Dutton. $1.50.

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Pfleiderer, O. Primitive Christianity. Translated by W. Montgomery. Vol. II. Putnam.

Report of Metropolitan Improvements Commission. Boston: Wright & Potter Printing Co.

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The Socialized Church. Addresses before the First National Conference of the Social Workers of Methodism, St. Louis, 1908. Eaton & Mains. $1.

Thomas, T E. Correspondence Relating to the Anti-Slavery Conflict in Ohio. Cincinnati: R. Clarke Co. $1 net.

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Wilmot-Buxton, E. M. Stories of Norse Heroes. Crowell. $1.50.

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